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Memorial Tribute

To The

Western Female Seminary.

By the Alumnae.

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Memorial, twenty-fifth
anniversary of the Western

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Memorial.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

WESTERN FEMALE SEMINARY,

OXFORD, OHIO.

1880.

PUBLISHED BY THE ALUMNÆ.

INDIANAPOLIS:
CARLON & HOLLENBECK, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1881.

TO OUR ALMA MATER;

TO OUR BELOVED PRINCIPAL AND THE TEACHERS

WHO HAVE WROUGHT WITH HER;

TO THE TRUSTEES;

TO THESE WHOSE UNITED LABORS, UNDER

THE BLESSING OF GOD,

HAVE SO GREATLY ENRICHED OUR

LIVES, THIS MEMORIAL IS GRATEFULLY

INSCRIBED

BY

THE ALUMNÆ.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Dedication ..... ii.
Introduction 1
Early History 3
The Holyoke System 10
After Many Years 12
Miss Peabody's Letters to Alumnæ and Teachers 12
The Home Coming 17
Reunion Day—Forenoon Exercises 24
Poem of Welcome and the Response 29
Seminary Journal in Six Chapters 47
Reunion Day—Afternoon Exercises 92
Letters from Alumnæ and Missionaries, Poems, Etc 105
Dr. Kumler's Address 123
Dr. Nelson's Letter 128
Recess Meeting 134
Anniversary Day 137
Graduating Exercises 139
Annual Address by Rev. Addison Ballard, D. D 140
Presentation of Diplomas by Dr. Kumler 159
Class Poem 162
Resolutions of Alumnæ 164
Constitution of Alumnæ Association 166
Class History 169
Catalogue 206
In Memoriam—Phillip Hinkle 225
Alumnæ Association 227

INTRODUCTION.

Birthdays, silver weddings, golden weddings, centennaries—it is a good thing to celebrate them. Individuals, families, churches, nations, do well to "call to remembrance the former times," to "remember all the way the Lord, their God, hath led them," and to make thankful acknowledgment of his mercies. Those mercies are, indeed, "new every morning and fresh every evening." The time in which we experience them has a continuous, ceaseless flow. There is no pause of the planetary revolution while we celebrate an anniversary day. Even while we recount the experiences of the year or century closed, we are passing on into the year or century succeeding. Nevertheless, there is a natural law of numbers, whereby our minds can contemplate a numerically rounded period, not only with pleasure, but with profit. It is well to put up our history in centennial, semi-centennial, quarter century parcels.

Nowhere are these historic days more capable of interesting and profitable celebration than in educational institutions. Our colleges and seminaries have their own peculiar life; yet a life that knits itself closely to the more secluded family life at home on

the one hand, and to the wider national life on the other.

"Alumni, Alumnæ, Alma Mater," these familiar terms symbolize the sweet domesticity of school life. All are conscious that "Commencement Day" has an enrapturing outlook upon "the wide, wide world."

A successful seminary for the Christian education of young women, in a quarter of a century has gathered its pupils from many hundred homes, and has sent abroad its alumnæ to new homes, to schools, to churches, to missionary stations, near and far. Its history for such a period must be worth reciting. Its memories must be worth recalling. Precious to those of whose experience they are part, and instructive to all who may hear or read them.

Twenty-five years of the Western Female Seminary, 1855–1880, are briefly commemorated in this volume. It does not attempt to be a complete history; it simply gathers up and preserves the commemorative offerings which loving hearts prepared and presented on the twenty-fifth anniversary. Like the little piles of stones which reverent, thankful men of the old Scripture days placed at the spots where God had met and blessed them, it may serve to bear witness to all future comers of his great goodness to the Western in its early years. To his honor and praise we place the simple memorial, thankfully testifying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

HENRY A. NELSON.

SEMINARY FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

EARLY HISTORY.

Incorporated in 1853, opened and dedicated in 1855, the Western Female Seminary stands in 1880 a beautiful monument of God's leading hand, his loving, preserving care and his abiding presence. It had its place, we humbly hope and believe, in the eternal purposes of God, and lived in embryo in the noble, devoted, prophetic life of Mary Lyon. It first suggested itself to the minds of a few earnest Christian spirits living in Oxford, Ohio, led by Rev. and Mrs. Tenney. Contemplating the life of Mary Lyon, catching the inspration of its motive power, knowing the needs and the aspirations of Western young women of limited means for higher mental culture, realizing the need that this be consecrated, Christian culture, the conviction forced itself upon these men and women that Mt. Holyoke Seminary, founded through the instrumentality of Mary Lyon, at South Hadley, Mass., should be duplicated in the West.

They went forward carefully and prayerfully and God gradually opened the way. A beautiful site of thirty acres (now increased to sixty-five), adjoining the town of Oxford, was given by James Fisher. Gabriel Tichenor and family of Walnut Hill, gave

the first $5,000, followed by generous donations from others according to their ability.

Success thus assured, a board of trustees was appointed in July, 1853, and the building begun.

The enterprise was laid before the principal and teachers of Mt. Holyoke Seminary. They were asked to foster this young western daughter, to assist in making her a counterpart of their own institution, and to select the first corps of teachers from Holyoke ranks.

Assuring themselves that the enterprise was on a solid basis, and in the hands of practical, persevering spirits, they accepted the trust.

Miss Helen Peabody, then of St. Louis, who had been associated with Mary Lyon, first as pupil and then as teacher, was selected as principal, with an efficient corps of teachers.

Thus embodied in form and vitalized into life, this seminary was dedicated to God on the 20th day of September, 1855, by the broad minded men and women who had builded into it their prayers, their hearts and their sacrifices. The house was already full of pupils, and the outlook for the future most promising.

It is the purpose of the following pages to unfold in their warmth and beauty the history, then unwritten except in God's great plan, of the years which were to follow, with their thrilling providences, their dews of divine grace and favor, their tender leadings, their earnest, patient lives and their wondrous fruitage.

The reader will find this history, not in ordinary chronological narrative, but in flashes of light here

and there upon the hearts and lives of those who have lived it.

May he who is "our dwelling place in all generations," he who has said "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain," inspire and illumine these pages, that they may show his power to work through "earthen vessels" to the glory of his own great name.

THE HOLYOKE SYSTEM.

The first building was destroyed by fire January 14, 1860. The following article appeared in the *Christian Herald* in March of the same year. It was written by Miss Phebe McKeen, one of the early teachers, greatly beloved, whose pure spirit and noble, polished mind were potent influences in molding character in this young school. Her recent death, in May of the present year, cast a deep shadow upon many hearts, not only of her former Western pupils, but of her more recent ones at Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass. At this distance deep interest attaches to this sketch as one of our "memerial stones," and it is appropriate here as setting forth the peculiarities of this system, by one who had not herself been trained under it, who was wholly disconnected with it at the time of writing, yet knew it intimately.

THE HOLYOKE SYSTEM.

"This expression, like many others, has for many persons a very familiar sound, but a very indefinite meaning, and even the significance which is attached to it is often far from correct.

It has been a popular error to suppose it the main object of Mt. Holyoke Seminary and its younger sis-

ters at Oxford and Painesville, Ohio, to train our young ladies in cookery, sweeping, dusting, washing dishes and whatever else pertains to the education of a universal housemaid. Persons who so believe utterly misconceive the spirit and object of those institutions.

It has been found, by an experiment of twenty years, that all the household labor of a family numbering from one hundred and seventy to three hundred ladies, can easily be done by its members. Although no female domestic is employed in either of these boarding schools, no one of the young ladies is thus busied more than sixty or seventy-five minutes daily. Advantages are found in this arrangement. Self-reliance and promptitude are cultivated. Indolence, fatal alike to habits of mind and body, is combatted. The respectability of labor is maintained. That spirit of equality which it becomes every American citizen to cherish is fostered, and the aristocracy of intellect and moral worth breaks its way the more easily through artificial distinctions, often no less marked in young ladies' boarding schools than in larger communities. Moreover, by this provision the pupils are relieved of a servant's bill.

This feature, however, prominent as it is to popular notice, is merely incidental to this system. Its center and soul, as that of all true educational systems, is the idea that *every being that God has made is to be strengthened and ennobled for his service.* This soul, pervading a plan of study, discipline and social order, has made it peculiarly effective. That no daughter of our Republic may lack the means of self-culture, facilitise

are offered at a price which any healthful, energetic American girl can command, though self-dependent.

To this end the endowment is given freely and absolutely—given to God—to be used in fitting his children to do his work. No proprietor, stockholder or teacher expects any dividend from it. Thus endowed and untrammeled by personal interest, the government of the school can be administered with impartial equity. The highest good of the school can be consulted without catering with painful servility to the tastes of a capricious public. That course of study can be prescribed to each pupil which will make her most a woman, not that which will bring most cash into the *treasury*. The advantages of this independent endowment to the character of a school are more wide and deep, by far, than the mere convenience of its managers. Mt. Holyoke Seminary sprang into life to meet the wants of a class hungering and thirsting after knowledge, feeling in every pulsation of a vigorous nature the power *to be*, and the will *to do*, if they might only *know*. But poverty is the grimmest of dragons, and the golden fruit seems hopeless. Western farmers are richer than the yeomen of stern New England hills, and their daughters can meet a greater expense at school. Yet are there not in every community young ladies of limited means and noble aspirations, to whom a liberal education on moderate terms would come as a gift from God? The gift has been won for them by a great soul from among themselves. The prayers and eloquence, the wise but dauntless zeal of Mary Lyon will never cease to bless the world.

But the schools at S. Hadley and Oxford have by

no means been patronized by those only, who are unable to meet higher charges. Almost immediately Mt. Holyoke was accorded the foremost ranks of New England schools, and multitudes from the wealthier classes, who wish their daughters trained for usefulness, have been no less eager to claim its advantages, than those to whom economy is indispensable. It has been so at Oxford also. Is not any course of education to be honored which sends out graduates penetrated with the fact that a work is waiting for them in the needy world?

No young girl not utterly insensible to influence, can spend three years at either of these schools and sink contentedly down into an aimless and useless existence. It is the constant, prayerful effort to make young ladies understand that life has a meaning as deep and lasting as eternity.

There are some who think of these schools, however, with a kind of shudder, as dismal convents, where the young and gay are driven by martial law, exacting tasks and monastical austerities, into sanctimonious gloom. They imagine these unfortunates shut out from the world, hemmed in by arbitrary rules, watched by grave and unsympathizing teachers; as wasting in silence all the freshness, sparkle and fragrance of youth. These kind-hearted people have never caught, perhaps, the echo of girlish laughter and merry song with which the Oxford grove has so often rung. It might alleviate their pity if they could see the kindling eye of love those teachers have been wont to meet in all their daily care, or read the letters of fervent gratitude and affection which every week

brings to the old homestead from the scattered children. In that terrible January midnight when the Western Female Seminary was in flames, they should have heard these young girls, when told to leave the house and save themselves, pleading, "*We can not see our home burned down.* We can and we will save it, if you will let us try longer." Ah, there was such a comment, not only on womanhood, but on the spirit and training of that school, as no words could ever express! Years of quiet, self-conquering toil had nourished the spirit of love and strength which showed its heroism in that dreadful scene.

This is the model of character which the Western Seminary has been trying to form in your daughters.

Perhaps it was one purpose for which God suffered its building to be consumed, that you might see in the light of those fierce flames the type of spirit He is educating there—a spirit which can meet the emergencies of life with self-forgetful courage.

They are not the terrible passages of life alone which call for such a character. It is needed every day in the great home realm where these girls are designed to reign.

* * * * * * * * * *

Another marked feature of Mt. Holyoke and the Western Female Seminary is *conscientiousness* in study. Graduation at a thoroughly Christian institution is no farce. A teacher who acts for God will not suffer pretense and sham in education.

If the men of the West want their daughters to become clear-headed, warm-hearted, energetic, Christian ladies, they can not do better than to help the Western

Female Seminary. The patriotic citizens of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois can not more directly elevate the whole tone of society and secure its weal, than by cultivating such a type of womanhood. The first appeal to Christian liberality in behalf of this seminary was made while it was an untried, and to many minds, a doubtful experiment. It must be very grateful to its friends that they come to you now with *assurance.* The young enterprise has nobly redeemed its promises.

Let a building rise from the ashes which will stand a worthy monument to the intelligence and whole-souled generosity of the Western States.

A school which has been so accepted and crowned by God, which is endeared to so many Christian hearts by willing sacrifice, which had the fond reverence of so many young, earnest women and the gratitude of so many fathers and mothers, can never be deserted. A sentiment of honor will forbid any man of means, whose daughter has enjoyed the cheap, yet rich, advantages of the seminary, to neglect it now.

Give to it—give generously, nobly—feeling that you are helping to rear a home where the children of God may be fitted to work his will. Let the edifice be more thoroughly built than before, the library more choice, the apparatus more full, the endowment more ample.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

The last week in January, 1880, there went out from the seminary several hundred little missives which tell their own story:

WESTERN FEMALE SEMINARY,
OXFORD, O., January 22, 1880.

To the Alumnæ of the Seminary:

DEARLY BELOVED—On the 17th of June, 1880, we shall complete a quarter of a century in our eventful history as an institution. Twenty-four classes have gone forth from the sheltering arms of their Alma Mater, and the twenty-fifth is about to unclasp hands to take up life's work. We count 416 precious jewels. Thirty-five already adorn the Savior's remedial crown, while 381 are still in the hands of the lapidary. Alma Mater would gather up her scattered gems, look upon their growing beauty and string the necklace to wear on her natal day. But you, beloved daughters, will each remember that she sent you forth to serve, as well as by your unselfish service to adorn, the church of Christ in the world. And now she would have you come back and talk together of what you have found to do for the Master, and report what remains to be done. Have you found the culture and discipline you received from your seminary life helpful in the services and sacrifices that you have had the opportunity to render? We wish to hear your testimony and experience for the encouragement and help it will afford us in entering upon the work of the coming twenty-five years. Has the anchor held in the storm? Has the shield proved sufficient for all the fiery darts

of the wicked? Has any part of the armor failed in the day of battle? Come, if you can, and tell us. If you can not come, send your written testimony. We send the call all along the lines that have gone out into all the earth. We wait for the answer to come back to this center station from Persia, Turkey, Syria, India, China, Siam, Laos; from our Indian frontiers, from Mormon heathendom, home missionary fields far and near, from the sunny South and sterner North, from the school room and the home where little children and grown-up sons and daughters call you mother. God bless them and make them a blessing. Come! Come one and all, and let us stand together with unsandaled feet around the burning bush ("always on fire, yet never consumed because God is in it"). "Did ever people hear the voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire as thou hast heard it and live? Unto thee it was shewed that thou mightest know that the Lord he is God; there is none else beside him." Again let us listen to his voice out of the fire, the sword, the pestilence, that he may instruct us. Out of these memorial stones furnished from your individual experience and the history of our beloved seminary, let us erect upon the spot, where the ark of the covenant stood, a monument to his praise; "that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying 'What mean ye by these stones?' Then ye shall answer them, 'Immanuel! God with us, almighty in power, infinite in wisdom and love, faithful to all generations.'"

The object of this reunion will be to bring mutual joy and refreshment to you and your Alma Mater, and put honor upon him who has so honored and blest it. The reunion services will take place on Wednesdey, the 10th, the day before anniversary. Let us hear from you at once. First, whether you can or can not respond to this invitation. If you are not certain, let us know the degree of probability in the case. You will see our need of this information in preparing for the comfort of so many. Second, your exact address for the new catalogue. State also any change of address of any graduate known to you. In behalf of the teachers and trustees,

Yours in abiding love,

HELEN PEABODY.

TO THE TEACHER.

My Dear Friend and True ye be Fellow:

In making our plans for the pleasure and profit of our beloved Alumnæ, at our anticipated reunion in June, we most earnestly solicit your presence.

Nothing can give greater pleasure to those we hope to welcome on that occasion, than again to look into the faces of their old teachers, clasp hands and recall the memories of "long ago." This will be a mutual joy. You have seen the "blade," and some of you the "ear," now come and look upon "the full corn in the ear." If you can not come, write us fully of yourself and your experiences. If you can come, let us know when to expect you.

The reunion will be held on June 16, 1880.

Yours ever, HELEN PEABODY.

Who but the recipients can know the thrill of joyful anticipation, the flood of memories and the deep-searching retrospect these little messengers awakened?

"Vacation" is a factor of school life, but not so often of mature life, with its ceaseless round of responsibilities and activities. But now a blessed *vacation* was coming to women, whose lives for years had been lost to themselves in continuous thought and service for others. Mothers were to be girls again, teachers to be pupils. The strain and tension of sustaining one's part was to be relaxed for two precious days, while all gathered home again for a heart rest, such as their lives could know but once.

On May 6, 1876, had been held a reunion of the first six classes, in honor of the fiftieth birthday of our dear Miss Peabody, twenty-one of whose fifty beautiful years had been measured by unremitted cares and labors of love in this consecrated spot. Twenty-

one alumnæ and fourteen of their children were present.

Of that reunion the report says: There is no nice chemical process of which we know, by which those sweet emotions which were stirring in all our hearts, making it rare joy to sit together and look in each other's faces, can be crystalized into words. The sunshine, so bright, so powerful, so full of gracious influences, may not be sealed up and brought forth on darker days. Where our enjoyment was made up of what we were feeling, thinking, living, more than what we were doing, it has been especially hard to put in writing the things that would make you know, sympathize and enjoy with us.

As one expressed it, "To come back after the wanderings of years in the uncertain wilderness to which we had betaken ourselves with such high hopes and happy ignorance, was a joy indeed." The school girls of long ago were coming back *schooled* girls. The spot was very dear to us, and the dear heart that had been our best friend and guide in our happy school days, was waiting to receive us and our little ones with the same fond love and sympathy.

We can not tell you half the joy it was to look into each other's faces, clasp each other by the hand, or, with our arms intertwined as of yore, to find the same sympathy which blessed our school days, still a living bond between us. We do not know when our good time began, but we think it was when we received that invitation in March.

If this was true, by what "chemical process" can we "crystalize into words" those sweet emotions and

rare joys in the gathering of twenty-five classes, the meeting of the older and the younger of our sisterhood, the blending of the lights and shades of four hundred lives. We rather think this good time, too, "began when we received that invitation in" January.

For once there was a fixed star in all our lives. It was "Wednesday, the 16th of June." All plans pointed toward it, clustered around it, and for the present there was no beyond. Even those who realized they could not attend, expected by some sort of spiritual telephone, to hear the echoes and feel the sweet influences of the day in their homes and their distant mission fields, and almost waited for the baptism of blessing and strength it would bring, to resume "their wanderings in the uncertain wilderness to which they had betaken themselves."

At the Seminary, loving responses were coming in with every mail; acceptance or regrets, with thrilling, heart-touching answers to Miss Peabody's questions, "Have you found the culture and discipline helpful?" "Has the anchor held?" "Has the armor failed?" Active plans of preparation to welcome the home comers began to quicken life at the Seminary. Never were woman's tact and invention drawn upon more lavishly to devise all the possibilities of a royal welcome and a royal hospitality.

THE HOME COMING.

On Monday the arrivals began, but Tuesday was the great day of expectancy. Every train brought many. The "reunion" had already begun on trains and in depots. Stepping into the old familiar omnibusses, each one flashed a quick inquiring glance at the other occupants, rewarded often by a burst of joyous surprise.

Eager eyes noted every shade of change in Oxford, and along the drive to the seminary. To the older ones these changes were many. The signs were new and strange, and the ubiquitous Miami "student" was missed from the street, while the university, no longer yellow, with a chapel and tower added, was almost concealed by the luxuriant growth of hedge and forest trees.

Entering the grounds "the cluster" nods patronizingly. Being elms, they grow slowly, anxious we suppose to retain their sentry post as long as possible. The other trees seem hastening, like those of the university campus, after the ancient appellation of the classic "shades of Academus."

"Lewis House" has disappeared long since; familiar trees are missed from the old orchard, while the remainder are gnarled and infirm. A sedate

matron points out to the little daughter beside her the tree she used to climb because she was "so small," to throw down apples for the larger girls, and the hill down which they used to coast.

The once diminutive evergreens now stand out in stately, dark green proportions, most striking chronometers of years that have gone.

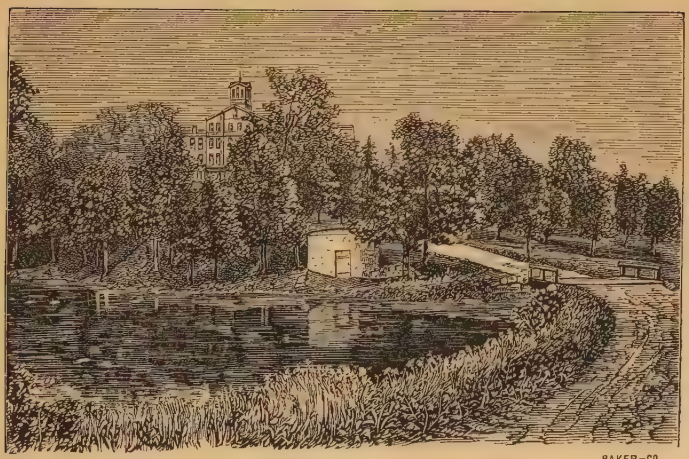
These evergreens first greeted the eyes of seminary girls on returning from the spring vacation of 1857, and in those days girls used to wonder if they would ever be large enough to sit under, and who would sit under them.

Scores of new fruit trees on every side assert their right of possession by token of the young fruit on their branches. The young maples of twenty-two years ago, near the front door, with the bowlders at their feet, have acquired the dignity of trees almost over-topping the seminary.

What will all these trees be at the golden wedding? We leave the chronicler of that happy event to answer the question.

The woody point beyond the limits south, has been cleared, affording pretty glimpses of the cemetery, whose silent white monuments, also, have their tender associations with Oxford friends, whose lives were once lovingly interwoven with seminary history. That same woody point used to tempt us sorely, with its pleasant shade, while its trees, before the railroad was built, hid the passing stage without deadening its rumble, so suggestive of "going home" or letters that were coming.

On the north, the grounds have been extended to



LAKE, ICE HOUSE AND BRIDGE.

enclose thirty-five additional acres, and a new (now old), gravel walk to the street has been made, running down over the northern slope in front of the building, descending steps through rustic arbor, crossing on rustic bridge above the pond, on along the brow of the hill enclosed in the new addition. A glance took in all these changes, while eager impatience anticipated the greetings which awaited.

The crowning moment of arrival was when each alighted from the omnibus, ascended the steps, and met Miss Peabody, with beaming face, awaiting at the top to give the hand and kiss of welcome, just as she has met and welcomed in all past years hundreds of timid young hearts coming up those steps, equally divided between homesickness, anxieties about introductory examinations, and aspirations long since realized, forgotten, or still beckoning on.

Behind and beside her, filling the portico and the hall, was a charming group of eager faces, some still fresh and young, and some upon which life had written lines of care, the maturing touches of thought, and the mellowing influences of loving ministry, crowned with hair already silvering.

As each new comer was welcomed by Miss Peabody, and then handed over to this company, increasing with every fresh arrival, it was interesting for lookers on to guess who among them would rush forward to claim her. No one failed to be greeted with glad recognition and outstretched arms by some classmate or friend, who had probably but just run this delightful gauntlet herself. The little "grand children" were quite over-awed by the tumultous order of

this style of reception. This continued until 112 graduates, twelve "grand children" and a goodly number of former teachers were gathered within the fold. All these, together with several of the trustees and their wives and other family guests, to the number of 150, were entertained within the seminary.

We have secretly extracted from the seminary journal of last year, a passage which briefly foreshadows the arrangement by which so many were entertained.

"It will hardly be possible to close the twenty-fifth journal without giving a whisper of the birthday party that our Alma Mater expects to have June 16. Many of the children will be home—perhaps a hundred—bringing an occasional grand child. We expect to shrink, as did Milton's spirits, into the smallest possible compass; beds are to be improvised and subdivided; eating is to be done in collation style."

And now we hesitate upon the threshold, wondering how we can portray the two days to follow, so soul-thrilling as they were to the participants. The home gathering of the old New England families at Thanksgiving time; the busy preparations in the way of baking and roasting and boiling; the cordial welcome; the merry greetings; the joy of sitting together around the old fire-place; the peace that comes to careworn men and women when they find themselves children again in their father's home; above all, the holy calm that settles upon each heart as they kneel at the family altar; we can think of nothing else that will picture the seminary home gathering this twenty-fifth anniversary.

It was no scanty hospitality that could make room

for so many guests. From basement to attic the preparations were perfect, and we can only imagine how many steps must have been taken, and how many hours spent, by teachers and pupils, to make our welcome home such a beautiful one. We who have lived in that busy hive, where every hour seems to have its own duty, were even puzzled to guess how time had been found to accomplish so much; but knowing that it had all been done in love, we accepted it gratefully, finding our hearts filled with love in return, for the younger sisters who had given up their rooms for us, and to all whose heads and hands and feet had worked so cheerfully in our behalf.

We found everything speaking a sweet welcome. The words of those who waited to receive us did not utter it more distinctly than the silent speech of the multitude of little details of preparation that greeted us at every turn. Entering the reception room on the left, we saw phantom letters suspended by invisible threads, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

From the walls of the main hall, library and other public rooms, looked down upon us our own class mottoes, in tasteful devices, bringing back precious school-day memories, and giving us each a place in the wonderful history of the seminary. In the dining room we found ourselves in a bower of evergreen decoration, and we looked up from the tables so bountifully spread for us to see suspended among festoons and garlands the words, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

And so we found all things ready that loving thought

and unselfish pains-taking could devise, but sweetest of all we found constant reminders that, cordially as we had been invited, there was one guest whose presence had been more earnestly sought than ours and that he had arrived before us, who once said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me." Earnest prayer had been offered that he would set his seal upon this perfect time and manifest His presence by saving grace, and the token came. One young heart was consecrated to the Master even amid these festal joys.

Among the tenderest moments of these days were those when, in the hush of the dining room, the dear familiar old hymns shed a holy peace upon every heart, and Miss Peabody's voice was heard reading the same precious chapters which her voice long years ago had deeply graven in our memories, to be forever inseparably associated with her and with family devotions at the seminary.

It would be impossible to note all the unexpected and delightful little things which made every successive moment a new joy; staid matrons unconsciously calling each other "girls," and then enquiring about their respective husbands and children; little people growing wonderfully intimate in a few moments by aid of this new sort of "cousinship." Even the little chairs stood here and there, as if in anticipation of the little folks. Seven of the Alumnæ present had been present at the first dedication, twenty-five years before. Among the very pleasant things, was the attendance

of Mrs. Isabella [Riggs] Williams, of the Class of '61, and her husband, Rev. Mark Williams, from their mission field at Kalgan, China, with their beautiful baby twins, who looked so much alike that even their father could scarcely tell whether it was "this one" or "the other one"—"Kate" or "Duplicate."

The only other "brother-in-law" who graced our reunion, was Rev. A. M. Darley, from the home mission fields of Colorado, the husband of Anna Gow, who sent him to represent her. It is a pleasure to fancy that all the good "brothers-in-law" who staid at home and kept house, and took care of the children, whom there was not room enough to invite, while their wives came to the reunion, are now sharing with other absent ones in the pleasure of this "reflected reunion."

On Tuesday evening an interesting musical and literary entertainment was given in the hall by the teachers and pupils. Miss Dora Phillips, the elocution teacher, contributed several very entertaining recitations.

REUNION DAY.

FORENOON EXERCISES.

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

The blending of earth's richest experience with Heaven's brightest anticipations, at the foot of the Throne itself, with the Heavenly light streaming down. Such was this day.

Immediately after breakfast Miss Peabody met the alumnæ in the hall to arrange their seats, the pupils very kindly taking other places. It was like merry old times to be called off by classes again, and assigned to seats as in days of yore, only, shocking to relate! Miss Peabody was obliged to check the hum of happy voices in order to be heard, in other words to suggest old rules to us, and for once it was an actual delight to enjoy the school girl's privilege of obeying rules, though all succeeded so poorly that the "front seat" would scarcely have held the culprits.

Will it do to betray the fond mother's pride by telling what Miss Peabody did next? She said, "Now, sit still a moment while I go up on the platform and see how you look." Gazing an instant, she exclaimed: "Beautiful! O, what a beautiful sight! Dear girls,

for you will always be girls to me, how I wish I could, but I never can, tell you how happy this makes me. My heart thrills through and through at sight of your familiar faces before me once more."

An answering thrills flashed through her audience as she stood before them, her hands unconsciously clasped together, unchanged except her hair slightly gray and her figure more stout, while her face was radiantly beautiful with the love light and motherly pride illuminating it. Describing her afterward, the earliest graduate present said: "She stood before us with the rapt enthusiasm of an artist who freshly beholds the work of his own hands, his favorite picture, just returned to him from a royal collection, and bearing the world's approval.

At eight o'clock a business meeting of the Alumnæ was held in the lecture room. Miss Ellen E. Smith, class of '60, was called to the chair, and Mrs. Mary [Hale] James, class of '58, was chosen secretary.

At nine o'clock Alumnæ, teachers, pupils, trustees, friends and invited citizens of Oxford met in the hall for that heart feast toward which anticipation and preparation had pointed for months

Miss Peabody presided, while with her upon the platform sat Miss Jessup, her noble face outlined against the back of her large chair, radiant with a happy, triumphant expression, which we are sure she will wear when all pain and weariness are overcome; her abundant and loving labors are laid down, and she sees the pearly gates opening before her, whither Miss Lyon and so many of her co-laborers and pupils have already entered. Beside her sat dear

Mrs. Ells in her large chair, too, wheeled in by her manly son, whom so many remembered only as a little boy, her bright, brave, patient face betraying little of the long, weary, suffering years it has known since her saintly husband, who was so much to the first seminary, was called to leave her and their little ones to our Father's care; Mrs. Lewis, whose generosity and motherly hospitality have made her, too, so much to the seminary, and greatly endeared her to successive teachers and classes. There were also Rev. Dr. J. P. E. Kumler, president of the board of trustees, of which his deceased father was one of the first and most faithful members, with his wife, formerly Miss Abbie Golding, of the first corps of teachers; Rev. J. M. Bishop and G. Y. Roots, Esq., of the original as well as the present board of trustees, with their wives; the venerable Dr. Little, of Madison, Ind., and Dr. Pratt, of Portsmouth, Ohio, whose familiar faces date back to the second anniversary, now trustees; Messrs. Philip Hinkle and Preserved Smith, who need no introduction to later classes, and ere the day is ended will need none to the earlier, for they also will have learned how fully these two combine all the offices of trustee, benefactor, father and friend to the seminary family. These, with other trustees and friends, the teachers and such pupils and Alumnæ as were to assist in the exercises, occupied seats upon the platform.

The services opened with a welcome chorus, followed by a sublimely appropriate Scripture selection, both by the school.

BIBLE READING.

Single Voice—We beseech thee, O God of Hosts; look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine; and the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted and the branch which thou madest strong for thyself.

School—My doctrine shall drop as the rain, and my speech shall distill as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass. I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring. And they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob, and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.—Ps. lxxx, 14, 15; Deut. xxxii, 2; Isa. xliv, 3-5. They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which can not be removed, but abideth forever.—Ps. cxxv, 1. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.—Ps. xlviii, 2. This Mount Zion wherein thou hast dwelt. The Lord bless thee out of Zion.—Ps. cxxviii, 5. That our daughters may be as cornerstones polished alter the similitude of a palace.—Ps. cxliv, 12.

Voice—What mean ye by these stones?—Josh. iv, 6.

School—When your children shall ask, What mean these stones? then ye shall let your children know saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land. For the Lord your God dried up the waters of Jordon from before you, until ye passed over, as the Lord your God did to the Red Sea, which he dried up from before us until we were gone over. That all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord that is mighty; that ye might fear the Lord your God forever. Josh. iv, 21-24.

Voice—Did ever people hear the voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire, as thou hast heard, and live? Deut. iv, 4-33.

School—Unto thee it was showed that thou mightest know that the Lord, he is God; there is none else beside him. Out

of heaven he made thee to hear his voice, that he might instruct thee; and upon earth he showed thee his great fire; and thou heardest his words out of the midst of the fire. And because he loved thy fathers, therefore he chose their seed after them, and brought thee out in his sight with his mighty power out of Egypt; to drive out nations from before thee greater and mightier than thou art, to bring thee in, to give thee their land for an inheritance as it is this day. Know, therefore, this day and consider it in thine heart, that the Lord he is God in heaven above, and upon the earth beneath; there is none else.—Deut. iv, 35–39.

Voice—Lord be thou my helper.—Ps. xxx, 10.

School—Fear not; I will help thee.—Isa. xli, 13. Yea the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver. For then shalt thou have thy delight in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God. Thou shalt make thy prayer unto him, and he shall hear thee, and thou shalt pay thy vows. Then shalt thou also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee; and the light shall shine upon thy ways. When men are cast down then thou shalt say, There is a lifting up; and he shall save the humble person.—Job xxii, 25-29.

Voice—Be not far from me, for trouble is near.—Ps. xxii., 11.

School—He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High thy habitation. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—Ps. xci, 4-10.

Voice—Save me from all them that persecute me and deliver me.—Ps. vii, 1.

School—The Lord your God which goeth before you, he shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.—Deut i, 20. Ex. xiv, 14.

Voice—Deliver me O, Lord, from the evil man; preserve me from violent man.—Ps. cxl, 1.

School—It is God that girdeth me with strength. He teacheth my hands to war. Thou hast enlarged my steps under me that my feet did not slip. I have pursued my enemies and overtaken them. I have wounded them that they were not able to rise; they are fallen under my feet. They cried but there was none to save them; even unto the Lord, but he answered them not; thou hast delivered me from the violent man. Therefore will I give thanks unto thee O Lord, among the heathen, and sing praises unto thy name.—Ps. xviii. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.—Ps. cxviii, 8-9.

Rev. A. M. Darley offered the opening prayer, after which Miss Alice W. Milligan, Class of '69, one of the present teachers, gave

THE WELCOME.

Jupiter had a reunion,
  So the classical stories say,
And gathered the famous immortals
  On lofty Olympus, one day.
Each nymph left her grove and her fountain;
  Each goddess her city and fane;
The gods, grave and stern, forsook mountains,
  With oceans and fields of the slain.
They trampled the Galaxy's star-dust,
  And hastened with silvery feet,
To meet at the Thunderer's palace,
  The Omnipotent Father to greet.

But you come, not at Jupiter's summons,
  Nor even at Juno's, the Queen,
As might be suspected, since only
  So few of the *gods* are here seen;

You come at the call of the mother,
  The fostering mother, so dear
Whose heart has been longing and yearning
  To gather her absent ones near.
Her eyes have been heavy with watching,
  And weary her listening ears,
For faces and voices familiar,
  Unseen and unheard through the years.

She said to herself in her musings:
  "I will send for my children to come;
I will tell them their mother is longing
  To see them together at home;
To have them troop in through the doorway,
  And close in her arms to enfold;
To hear the heart chapters they'll tell her;
  To tell them the stories of old;
So I'll send then a mother's love-letter
  Each one with remembrance to stir,
I'll tell her my birthday is coming,
  And I shall be looking for her."

And you read your mother's love-letter,
  And into your heart went a thrill,
That tho' there were younger children,
  She had kept your own place for you still;
But the stream of a mother's affection,
  Tho' divided in hundreds of parts,
Diminishes not by the process,
  So vast are their wonderful hearts.
And you've come; but *she* is so happy
  That never a word can she say,
So she sends me to give you this message:
  "You are welcome, my children, to-day."

But nothing on earth is unmingled;
  Heaven only is free from alloy;
And drops of the bitter are brimming
  The surface of each cup of joy.

The mother looks down on the circle
  That gathers to-day at her feet,
And misses—as only do mothers—
  The dear faces not here to greet;
For some are hidden by distance,
  And some are hidden by sod,
Some are beaming in far-away earth homes,
  And some in the palace of God.

Those that room in the heavenly mansions
  Have left in the stories below,
Their old places, empty but sacred,
  And into them often we go.
His name in their foreheads was written
  Ere they mounted the heavenly stair,
And they grew like their Elder Brother,
  Who is fairest of all Heaven's fair.
Of the earth prayers sent up in their favor,
  The first one their Father fulfilled,
But it prayed—"Let those thou hast given
  Be with me, for so I have willed."

With affection the mother remembers
  The daughters at work in the dark,
To kindle afar on the hill-tops
  The beacons with heavenly spark.
For heartrending stories were told us
  Of souls on the stormy deep tossed,
That, looking in vain for the watch fires,
  Without any helper were lost.
And she said to each one who was ready,
  "Go, daughter, go give them a light,
And we'll meet you again in the morning
  At the close of the brief earthly night."

When you went from your fostering mother,
  To the world you thought waiting for you,
Bright school-girls, equipped with your parchments,
  Adorned with their ribbons of blue;

You looked for no clouds that were darker
  Than the soft snowy drifts of a June;
All roses were thornless as Eden's;
  All nights silvery bright with the moon;
You expected no waves that were higher
  Than your boat, of a pearly-lined shell;
Your bells should ring gaily, not sadden
  The air with a sorrowful knell.

If no clouds darkly laden with thunder
  Have hung in your heavens aloft,
The flakes on some heads have been sifted
  From June-like clouds, snowy and soft.
And often, in gathering roses,
  Your hands have been bleeding and torn,
For when sin entered Eden, it grafted
  Each beautiful rose with a thorn.
And sometimes your nights have been rayless,
  Your waves have dashed into the skies;
Your chimes have been knells, and your sad hearts
  The fountains of tears and of sighs.

Your dear Alma Mater has sorrowed
  Whenever she heard of your grief;
But she thought of such days, when she taught you
  Of one who could bring you relief.
And you who have learned that long lesson,
  And to him in trouble have run,
Have found him more able to comfort
  Than a mother to comfort a son.
And you've learned in your own bitter trials,
  That one of the uses of pain
Is giving God's great consolations
  To comfort another again.

In coming your feet were not silvered
  With dust from the Galaxy's way,
Yet earth dust, is dust just as heavenly
  Since God made his image in clay.

Behind you are roof-trees more sacred
  Than groves that the nymphs left behind,
And altars more precious than Vesta's
  With fires fanned by heavenly wind.
You bear not the names of immortals
  That classical ancients did sing,
But you are exalted above them
  Who are daughters of Heaven's own King.

You are welcome, from northward and southward;
  You are welcome from east and from west;
You are welcome from bustle and business;
  From the care of the cosy home nest.
And we want such a burden of meaning
  To hide in its characters seven
That no welcome you meet, shall be equal
  To *our welcome*, this side of heaven.

Miss Ellen E. Smith, Class of '60, voiced the hearts of all in

RESPONSE TO THE WELCOME.

We have not needed formal words of welcome in order to feel assured that a welcome—a warm, true *well-come*—was waiting for us to-day. We had not been true daughters if we could not read our mother's heart, and ever since the sweet letter you sent us, calling to us so earnestly, "Come, come one and all to celebrate the natal day," the thrill of the waiting welcome has been in our hearts. We have been impatient as the slow weeks have counted themselves which lay between your call and our response.

Farther back than that, when we went out from your fostering care, with the blessing of our Alma Mater upon us; the daughter feeling strong in our

hearts; the wide world before us; and the sense with us that even the old familiar world of our childhood was strange and untried because of responsibility which that diploma laid upon us, we know that the phrase "our seminary home," learned so early in our school life, was no unmeaning one; that here was ever the home interest; that the absent daughters were ever remembered at the family altar; that the mother's welcome was ever awaiting us. Even that first remembered moment when we stood, shy strangers, upon the threshold, and in the awkward consciousness of unfamiliar surroundings told our names, presaged in the first kind words of adoption the future glad home coming.

Have we anticipated? No! for we are daughters, and the daughter's heart answers to the mother's heart.

And now welcome is all about us; it lay by the way; it looked from the windows in the first distant glimpse of the roof tree; it brightened the dull depot. We think it scattered flowers in the way as we came along; surely the birds sang it, and the trees waved it. Here its atmosphere envelopes us. We find it in every look, and tone, and word; every spot echoes it; every beautiful arrangement for our home coming and comfort repeats it; every sweet reminder of the things once precious to us tells the story anew.

Mother of ours, your children can not tell you how this voiceless welcome touches their hearts.

We can hope for no brighter welcome this side of heaven.

If we have not needed formal words of welcome,

we are glad of them as they come to us in all their warmth and beauty, because they give us opportunity to utter in return warm words of gratitude, not only for this home coming privilege, made so bright by invitation, preparation, reception, but for all that our dear Alma Mater has been to us in the past and is to us now.

We have not all come to give you greeting to-day. The many daughters gather in broken groups. You have understood how distance, or cares, or little clinging hands, or bonds of weakness and pain have kept some of us from your side.

Others sowing precious seed, or busy in white harvest fields, might not leave their labor, and some have heard already the sweet words of welcome from the master, and have entered into his joy. We are sad with you as we count the vacant places.

But does not the mother believe that the hearts of all her children are making holiday in memory of this natal day and this glad reunion? Surely there are thoughts about us in the heavenly mansions, and in the near and far away places which encircle the globe.

Upon us all precious memories of the days and years of our school life are crowding thick and fast to-day. Scenes and incidents, joys and trials, successes and failures, bright days and shadowed ones, pleasant and sacred places, faces, and voices, and words, come thronging before us. We remember a happy school life with its opportunities, its purposes, its outlook.

We have needed, may be, the light of the interven-

ing years since we went forth hopeful school girls from our mother's care, to throw into full relief the significance of the discipline and teaching which we received here. Sometimes the restraints seemed irksome, the tasks hard, the duties multiplied. Now, we come to thank you for the discipline so inflexible and yet so kind. Not one lesson of self-control was needless.

We thank you, too, for the thoroughness and exactness required in our course of study. The hard tasks were not finished when our diplomas were put in our hands. How often clearness of mental vision, and force of intellect, and quickness of discrimination, and weighing of premises, and power of judgment, have been called for where there was more at stake than the approval of our teachers or successful examinations.

No less valuable in our training was the careful ordering of the many duties, so that nothing should be neglected, and nothing counted unimportant, whether it directly promoted our intellectual progress or had to do with the comfort of the household in some small way, whether it was the sacred setting apart of the still hour, or the equally faithful care of wardrobe and room.

We thank you for the symmetrical training that this school, as it prototype, Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and others akin to it, seeks to give.

But this is not all, though it is much. It is not that its daughters might be symmetrical women alone that you who founded this seminary, or you who represent it and care for its interests as trustees, or you who have given of your means, or you who have

wrought within it, have done all this. We know that has been your earnest desire to place the means of a Christian education within the reach of all, and that the word *Christian* has been emphasized in your every thought, desire, plan, for those who study here.

It is with a gratitude more tender, an appreciation that words well nigh fail to express, that we would speak of that loving, patient, prayerful care for that which is best within us, which we felt ever about us from the moment we were adopted into this household. Too often we sadly disappointed your loving nurture. When you looked for fruit sometimes, you found only leaves. Alas! too many times the precious seed fell upon stony ground, or, springing up, was choked by worthless things. If we had been more teachable, so that all your desire for us might have been wrought in us, how different might have been our record now. But we want to assure you that your labor and your prayers were not in vain.

My sisters, could we not all offer personal testimony to the value of the mother's patient care for our soul life, the tender, vivid teaching from the "Volume of the Book," the helpful influences that were ever about us?

Some of us speak with ever increasing joy of this as the birth-place of our souls, and remember lovingly with what gentle hand the mother guided our steps, when we were little ones, in the Christian way. Others of us would mention with no less gratitude the way made clearer, the hope brighter, the motives purer, through God's blessing upon her faithful teaching. We can not tell you how many times words have come

back to us of which we did not think very much when they were uttered, but great with meaning in the hour of our need, or how often things which we thought we had understood shone with unimagined radiance in the light of a present experience.

With high hopes and happy ignorance, we went forth into an uncertain wilderness. The way has not always been smooth or the path straight. Sometimes the storm clouds have gathered about us, our sky has been darkened, and the songs have died on our lips. But the lessons you used to teach have come to us in the hour of our trouble. "The right hand" *has* been strong to uphold. The word you opened with us *has been* a lamp to our feet. The revealed love *has restored* our joy.

We, daughters of this seminary, utter to-day our earnest appreciation of those principles of education, first expressed by Miss Lyon in Mt. Holyoke Seminary, so faithfully reproduced by those of like spirit and purpose in this western school. If, in the words of another, "nobler and loftier considerations drawn from the daylight of eternity rather than the twilight of time, have been substituted for worldly, narrow and selfish motives, in any of our lives," we owe it, under God, to the sacred, helpful influences which he placed about us in our school life as well as elsewhere. If we have been able or shall be able to render any service to the master, it is right while we give all glory to him that we should remember the instrumentalities he has used for our training.

Perhaps no company of Alumnæ ever came together on a twenty-fifth anniversary under circumstances so

calculated to stir every emotion of love, gratitude, joy, as do we. As we have indicated, the history of our school life is a very precious history. It was bright in passing—it is full of sacred memories.

The history of this seminary, so wonderful in the trials through which it has passed; so more than wonderful in the way that God has borne it through is such as to move us very deeply. As we entered the reception room and glanced above the dear faces about us, we caught the words upon the wall: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." It is not strange perhaps, that in that first moment we made the words ours rather than yours. We had gone out girls with our hopes and purposes and plans; we had come back; the secret of the years was with us and God, and we were glad. But we transferred the words again, for they are yours. We take them for your words to your returning daughters, condensing thus into one brief sentence with which to greet us, the full history of the twenty-five years. The Lord hath done great things. Our own experience here confirms this testimony. As we listen to-day to some chapters from the story of these years we would, as do you, remember that all is of the Lord.

Knowing something of the history of our Alma Mater, we are reminded only incidentally of the changes that have taken place here. Through the two-fold trial by fire she has passed unscathed, rendered intact by that which makes us immortal too—God within. Home is not the enclosing walls but ever the pervading life. The larger, fairer group of trees upon the lawn, though they bear little resem-

blance to the slender sapplings some of us remember, are the same to us. So far as all dear associations are concerned we look up through the same leaves to the same sky, listening to the same tuneful birds, while the same rustling hints stir the same thoughts within us. It is needless to tell us that generations of leaves and birds have come and gone; that these are not the same walls from which we went forth, or these the teachers who led us in pleasant paths. Sisters of to-day, we are appropriating all that is yours. We can not help it. We see the changes but we can not feel them. A mother's face is the same dear face, though the changing years with their sorrows and joys, their cares and deeper experience have furrowed new lines, softened the smile, quieted the expression, illumined it with new light. We come back as daughters, and it is one element of our deep joy, that as daughters we are at home. "Though there are younger children, the mother has kept our own place for us still."

We can not make our Alma Mater entirely impersonal to-day. Reading our own hearts, we know that this home coming could not be the same to us, if another hand was extended to us in greeting, or another voice bade us welcome.

Dear Miss Peabody, we come back as your daughters, if you will call us such, grateful and glad beyond telling, in the great mercy of our father who has spared you to us through all these years, and who lets us thus recognize your work for the seminary, for us, for God through us. We read the secret of these twenty-five years of continued labor, in the beautiful motto in your own room: "Hitherto hath the Lord

helped us." It grows pregnant with meaning, when we remember not only the recurring duties and multiplied cares which come upon us daily, but the trials through which this seminary has passed, bringing upon you such burden, and demanding of you the exercise of such patience, faith, grace, and wisdom. Glad ascriptions be to him who hath helped hitherto.

We know, my sisters, that we stand on sacred ground; that this is a day of sacred privilege. A marked day it must be, not only in the history of this seminary, but in our individual history as well. We know that about this day and this home coming, much earnest prayer has centered. Do we not know also that in answer to those prayers there is a waiting blessing for us here? May God help us each to hear his word to us to-day, and whether he says; "Come closer, my child—come up higher;" "Rest, weary one, cast thy care upon him who careth;" "Lay down thy bnrden, trust thy father's love and tenderness;"—may we have grace to say, "Yea Lord, thy servant heareth." Kneeling in this consecrated place—perhaps in the very spot where Jesus first said to us, "Go in peace, thy sins be forgiven thee,"—with new and entire surrender, may we find that which God waits to give us each, when we put our ways into his keeping and enter into his plan.

Dear younger sisters, who so soon join our number, or who linger yet longer at the mother's feet, we have message for you to-day. First, we would assure you of our hearty interest and love, and express our appreciation of the part which you have taken and are taking in this perfect welcome. We know what dependence has

been placed upon you in the crowded days of preparation. We know that you have stood faithfully at the side of your teachers, to whom, as to you, we owe so much with cheerful hearts and willing hands and feet. Your cordial, graceful welcome, which is a large part of the mother's very own, is exceedingly precious.

You are knowing in these days the joy of unselfish service prompted by love. It is that, and *only* that, the master asks of you. We bring his message to you from the outside world whence we are come. "The master hath need of you," is the word your elder sisters bring.

He needs you in the quiet home places to which many of you will go, to bear witness for him you profess to "follow as dear children," by your simple, reverent, unselfish, joyous, sincere lives.

The field is the world, and everywhere the master needs you as his messenger. Our dear sisters who have gone to the dark, distant nations, emphasize by their absence to-day, the story of the world's great need.

The master hath need of us all. To us can never come the peace of ignorance. He calls us to noble work. His constraining love is upon us. "Be not conformed," my sisters, "to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that you may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

Birthdays are memory days, but birthdays are also hope days. At each completed cycle we look back, but do we not also look forward?

After the violets, the roses; the fruit follows the

blossom, and the flower and fruit culminating in glad rich harvest time, are succeeded by richer fields of bloom and richer harvest seasons.

We rejoice to-day in a bright future for our Alma Mater, as we crown her with birthday laurels and smile with her in songs of glad thanksgiving. We link a beautiful past with a more beautiful future. We see no age, no decadence, but fuller vigor, tested powers, stronger assurance in unfailing promises. The outlook is all radiant with hope. "They shall renew their strength who wait upon the Lord." Those who come after shall see that which we have not seen. When we come up to our Zion, after another twenty-five years, there will be not only added voices in our praise chorus, but a *richer* song, for the years of the Lord's right hand will have been multiplied.

As daughters we are grateful for the beautiful past; we are glad in the perfect present; we rejoice in the halo of rich promise, through which we look into the future. Sharing in the full joy of this anniversary day, we are asking that more and more our responsibility as daughters may be laid upon us, and that in loving gratitude and loyal fidelity we may be able always to stand helpfully by the side of our Alma Mater.

At the close of Miss Smith's address, Miss Peabody arose, the intensity of this supreme moment lighting up her face, as though the final hour had come in which to say, "Here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me," and said, amid a hush profound:

FATHERS AND BRETHREN:

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees: An occasion of more than ordinary interest brings you here to-day. You have come together "To give thanks unto the Lord, and remember his marvellous works that he hath done, his wonders and the judgments of his mouth," as well as to talk of all his gracious dealings and make known his faithfulness to all generations. More wonderful displays of the presence and power of God to deliver and save in the hour of peril, or more marked illustrations of his tenderness and fidelity to his word, it would be difficult to find in the annals of history, sacred or profane, than the records of this institution exhibit, during the twenty-five years of its existence. Only two of your present number have been identified with the work during the whole period which we have come together to review.

Some who have toiled with us in love and labors most abundant, have entered into rest, and we remember them gratefully to-day. Among these mighty men of valor we wish reverently to speak the names of Tichenor, Allen, Fisher, Hills, Ells and Kumler, Spencer and Van Bergen, Shuey and Moores, Cheever and Tweed and Joseph S. McCord and Prof. Caleb Mills. These all died in the faith.

On the night of January 14, 1860, and again on April 7, 1871, our building was destroyed by fire without the loss of a single life. On May 6, 1864, our school was scattered by a fearful pestilence, in which lives most precious passed from our sight, entering upon the life eternal, assuring us as they went, "Remember, I will be waiting for you."

On the 29th of February, 1868, a burglar was shot in our building, and the tragic midnight scene was full of abiding lessons. The civil war from '60 to '65, with its perils and excitements, has its place in our history. Three great commercial crises, with their distractions and fears, have also been experienced. *We still live.* Twenty-five years the Lord God has been with us, and of temporal and spiritual blessings we have lacked nothing.

Children beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, now do I live because ye stand fast. You have heard how glad we are to have you come home, and you have told us how happy it makes you to be again folded to the heart of Alma Mater.

We wish to-day to review with you the memories of the past in which you had such an active part. As we bring together the parts (which you will identify as scraps of your own personal experience) into the completed mosaic of the last quarter of a century—as we place each part in its true relation to each other and to the whole, the dark as well as the bright, we shall find that each, shapeless and insignificant as it seemed at the time, is necessary to the completed design, the bringing out the face of the great artist, "The Rose of Sharon" and "The Lily of the Valley." As you linger about the cradle of our beloved seminary this morning, some of you will remember with me that a little cradle in a private home once held close relations to it, indeed prior obligations by a few months, which came near at one time turning the scales in its favor. But "follow me" involves forforsaking, losing, perishing, and also finding, saving

and gathering fruit an hundred fold. Sacrifice as an element was early introduced, and has run like a thread through the whole history of our school. The sharp experiences, some of them very sharp, have been freighted with the richest blessings and intensify the joys of the present hour.

Children, Alma Mater has kept a diary of her little ones, sending a copy every year to the old home (Holyoke) and to the far-away relatives, preserving one to show to her children when they were grown up and should come home, after having had some experiences of the world. Search has been made in the house of the rolls, and the first record therein written will now be read.

THE SEMINARY JOURNAL.

CHAPTER I.

READ BY MISS DORA PHELPS.

The first entry in the diary before alluded to is made on October 9, 1855, and runs thus:

"The salutations of the Western Female Seminary to her far-off sister, Holyoke.

To our sisters who are still in the *old hive* we are sure that we need no introduction. They are well aware that there have long been signs of swarming; and months ago, they learned that western enterprise and benevolence had undertaken to provide a home for the new colony. The bees are safely hived; and busy as ever, they strive to "improve each shining hour." Could you look in, this pleasant morning, we know you would congratulate us upon our success.

To our dear missionary friends, who have just heard perhaps for the first time, the name of the Western Female Seminary, we must say a word concerning our past history and present prospects. This school is a young sister of Holyoke; scarcely out of frock and pinafore, to be sure, but a very promising child

for all that. She already shows a most striking and daily increasing resemblance to her eastern sister, and bids fair to grow in favor with God and man. Mary Lyon rests from her labors, but her works follow her. In this new institution, not less truly than at Holyoke, we trust her influence will live for years to come. If from her blessed home she sometimes looks down upon the fruits of her earthly labors, we know that among them all she esteems this seminary not the least. We think that to her, as well as to us, it must seem but the duplicate of that which was the direct offspring of her toils and prayers. Every day we find ourselves forgetting that our school is not Holyoke itself. All the arrangements of the family and school are the same; many of the public rooms have the same names with yours; the young ladies' rooms and their furniture—the domestic and dining halls, the washroom—and in short everything, bears a decided resemblance to the Holyoke patterns. From the time of rising in the morning until the hour for retiring at night, our bells ring (difference of longitude excepted), simultaneously with yours, and for precisely the same purposes. Our family devotions, our sections and general exercises and our recess meetings, are just the same. But you will perceive for yourselves the resemblance, in the course of the following pages.

Our young ladies assembled for the first time on Wednesday, September 19, 1855. We think them a very fine set of girls, from all we have yet seen of them. A few are more youthful than we ever see at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, yet upon the whole there is no marked difference in maturity of character. In

this Western country all things have an earlier and more rapid development than in New England, which is probably the reason why our young ladies do not *seem* more juvenile than yours.

On Thursday September 20, at two P. M., the friends and patrons of the institution, together with the trustees, teachers and pupils, assembled in the seminary hall, for the dedicatory services. The parlors adjoining, as well as the hall itself, were crowded with interested listeners.

Prof. Milton Sayler, of Cincinnati, made a very interesting address to the teachers and pupils, and Dr. Allen, of Lane Seminary, offered the dedicatory prayer.

The following hymn composed for the occasion by Rev. Thomas Spencer, was sung by the school.

We give this house, oh, God! to thee.
  Be thine each beam, and brick, and stone;
These fields and groves, each flower and tree,
  Accept and call them all thine own.

These rooms for toil or rest, these halls;
  This chapel built for praise and prayer,
And all contained within these walls,
  Be the dear objects of thy care.

On this fair spot now fix thine eyes,
  And nevermore withdraw thy sight,
While seasons roll and stars shall rise,
  This place find favor in thy sight.

Here may the youthful vow be made,
  To live for thee and thee alone;
These vows in works of love be paid,
  In prayers and toils which thou wilt own.

Here may a fountain spring to-day,
  To bless this world of sin and guilt,
And flow till earth shall pass away,
  And the new heaven and earth be built.

You will readily understand that our domestic department must have been kept in busy operation during those first days, to provide for the one hundred and fifty young ladies who had almost simultaneously arrived, together with many of their parents, some of whom remained a few days to see our experiment fairly tried. There were, of course, no "old scholars" already acquainted with the routine of seminary housekeeping, to lighten our burdens by their willing and efficient aid. But the teachers could furnish hands as well as heads, and so, with the additional help for a few days of a regularly trained baker, we did very well. To be sure, our cooking range was scarcely finished, and none of its furniture, save two dripping-pans and a small brass kettle, had arrived. But thanks to native Yankee ingenuity and Holyoke training in logic and mathematics, we succeeded famously until the other utensils arrived, which was about a week. We can assure you it required some little calculation to solve such little problems as the following: "Given two dripping-pans and a brass kettle; it is required to cook meat and vegetables for one hundred and fifty." Never before did we appreciate the capabilities of dripping-pans. In the morning they served in the preparation of the meat, toast, or griddle cakes, whichever it might happen to be; at noon our meat was roasted or fried and the gravy made in them, and for supper these self-same dripping-pans cooked the

fruit. Meantime, by "taking time by the forelock," the brass kettle served for boiling our potatoes for dinner, and at other times was useful in making yeast.

Our young ladies have been as ready as we could desire to aid in our domestic operations. The contrary had been predicted with reference to these Western girls, but we think without reason. Certainly we have never known the wheels to run more smoothly at Holyoke, in the beginning of a year, than ours have done. We have much reason for gratitude that this peculiar feature of Holyoke arrangements has been so easily and successfully introduced.

On the first Sabbath of the term nearly all of our young ladies attended morning service at the village church, which is nearly a mile and a half distant. They walked, of course, as there was no other way of going. In the afternoon they studied their Bible lessons, and in the evening we had the meetings at home. We were glad to find that nearly two-thirds of the young ladies are professing Christians.

The examinations had been commenced on the day after the dedication. You would have smiled to see our girls sitting solitarily in the seminary hall, their arithmetics piled up on the platform, and their eyes fixed on those self-same, tear-stained questions, whereon we ourselves once desparingly gazed. We have a new edition of them now, but the first candidates were supplied with the identical Holyoke copies. Many of the young ladies have been very successful in their examinations, others are reviewing and we hope all will have finished the preparatory studies before many weeks.

Most of you are doubtless aware that the town of Oxford, like its illustrious English namesake, has a university, not to mention divers seminaries and schools of lower grade. The knowledge of this circumstance will have led you to anticipate some perplexing questions which came before us during the first days of the term. It was not very difficult to foresee that if there should be unrestricted social intercourse between our young ladies and the students of Miami University, little time or thought would be bestowed on moral or intellectual improvement. But as some of our pupils had relatives in college here, it was arranged that all such should be at liberty to call. The first recreation day, however, caused us to reconsider that decision. One young gentleman called for no less than "*six cousins*," and we were speedily convinced that consanguinities would multiply to an astonishing extent, under such a regulation.

We have told you of our labors and our success during these first weeks of the school; it remains to speak of our trials. We must tell of a sick-room, a death-bed, a funeral. One young lady came to us with disease upon her, and in two short weeks her career in the seminary was ended by death. We have been chastened, but it was by a father's hand. May it yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness!

We have not yet told you about our pleasant western home, and we are rather reluctant to attempt a description, lest we should fail of making it seem as delightful to you as it does to us. However, if you do not like our picture, we can invite you to come and see for yourselves; and we know half a glimpse would make

you almost envy us. At present we must ask you just to imagine yourselves on the way from Hamilton to Oxford in an old-fashioned coach-and-four, with abundant leisure to look about you, while the horses walk up the long hills. The scenery is so like New England that you fancy you are almost home, and you find yourself watching for the familiar outline of the mountain range which the next turn of the road must bring to view. The snug farm-houses scattered here and there among the hills, whose ample barns bespeak well-tilled fields; the tasteful cottages with their neat door-yards and flower-gardens; the thrifty orchards and pleasant meadows; in short, everything you see looks so natural that you would scarcely hesitate to say that you had seen it a hundred times before.

Did you notice the large stone-colored edifice on the right, whose top was just now visible above the tree? When the coach stops at yonder white gate you will have a front view of it, and we would bespeak your special attention, for it is the Western Female Seminary. As you walk along the winding carriage drive, and approach the little bridge at the foot of the orchard, you observe that the building is of an oblong form, fronting west, 102x76 feet on the ground, and five stories high. Each story has a balcony running about two-thirds the length of the front, supported by slender iron pillars, and surrounded by an ornamental iron balustrade.

Monday, February 4.—Last evening we held our first "monthly concert." Our distance from town prevents our observing it in connection with the church where we worship, and hereafter we hope to have our

missionary meeting at home, on the first Sabbath evening of each month. We must tell you about our first one, for it was to us an interesting occasion. At half-past seven, our usual hour for evening service, we all met in the seminary hall. Miss Peabody read the familiar hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," after singing which we united in prayer. Miss Peabody then made a very few remarks respecting the history of missions, particularly in this country, preparatory to an account of the origin of the special interest in missions at Mt. Holyoke. She said she believed Miss Fiske was the first missionary who went out from that institution, and that her consecration to that work was the means of awakening a deeper and more lasting attachment to it than had been previously felt by the pupils at the seminary. A brief note addressed by Miss Fiske to Dr. Anderson, offering herself to the board, was then read, as also a postscript added by Miss Lyon, and another letter from Miss L. on the same occasion. There was also a letter written by Miss Fiske, while at sea, to Miss Whitman, and one at a later period of the voyage addressed to her section. Our young ladies listened with much interest to this correspondence, and we trust it will do them good. We long to see them so filled with love to Christ that they will joyfully undertake any labor to which he may call them, however self-denying or difficult. There has not been as much religious interest among us for a few weeks past as there was at the close of last term, but there are at present some encouraging indications, and we hope the holy spirit

may visit us yet again. About twenty-five have professed faith in Christ.

MAY 31.—Our household has, for some weeks past, been favored with the society of a very interesting guest, whose like it would be hard to find in any institution of learning, not excepting Holyoke itself. Allow us to present to you "our baby!" Master Henry Greenwood Peabody, son of Rev. Charles Peabody, of St. Louis, who has been an inmate of the seminary since the commencement of this term.

He is a nephew of our principal. She was called from the care of this motherless little one, whom she had received from his dying mother's hands, to assume charge of this seminary, and it cost her a severe struggle to relinquish the precious little trust. He is accompanied by his excellent aunt, Miss Eliza Peabody, and is decidedly the most important personage among us.

At every meal time Miss Peabody's door is besieged by a crowd of eager competitors for the privilege of tending the baby while the rest are at table. It would be difficult to decide among so many earnest petitioners, were it not that some one generally steps forth, looking very confident and happy, and reminds Miss Peabody that the baby was promised to her some two days ago. So the successful candidate appropriates Master Henry, and the unsuccessful ones comfort themselves with the hope that they shall be more fortunate next time. The young gentleman, having lately entered upon his second year, is now busily engaged in acquiring the art of walking, and with so many assiduous instructors he makes rapid progress.

We have high authority for saying, "A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure."

JULY 5.—The "well-spring of pleasure" above named has vanished from our household. Baby Henry left us two or three weeks since, amid the universal regrets of the family. Some of the young ladies, much to our amusement, eagerly appropriated divers little worn out shoes as relics of their baby friend, and appeared determined to cherish them as sacredly as would a papist the image of his patron saint.

The closing exercises of the first year took place in the pleasant grove in the rear of the seminary, on the 17th of July, 1856. The address was delivered by Dr. Samuel Fisher, who chose for his subject: John Calvin and John Wesley. This was the first of many favors received from Dr. Fisher. He was long an honored trustee of our seminary and made us monthly visits, which are remembered with pleasure and gratitude.

And now we must close the history of our first year. It has had its trials, but far greater and more numerous have been its blessings. It has been to us a year of toil, and yet so delightful that we would not desire a sweeter spot in all the great field, wherein we might labor. Its results are yet undeveloped in their bearings on the future, but it is enough to know that our "labor is not in vain in the Lord."

This paper was followed by a vocal solo, "Mine it is at Midnight Hour," by Miss Kate Timberman, of the senior class.

CHAPTER II.

READ BY MAGGIE RONAN.

In the journal for 1856, after the account of the coming together of teachers and scholars at the close of vacation, we find the following allusion to the first monthly concert: "On the first Sabbath in October occurred our monthly concert, and it was our happiness to have a letter from Miss Fidelia Fiske to read to the young ladies. Those of us who remember the joy of receiving the first letter through the postoffice, written to our own selves, with our name on the outside, could recognize something of the old emotion in the pleasure with which we all listened to this first missionary letter which had been addressed to our school. Nor was it the mere transient feeling of gratification which a letter from a far country would naturally awaken. That it was something more deep and holy, the angel which ministers at the golden altar which is before the throne can witness. Our hearts are touched that the daughters of a heathen land have prayed for us. We are strengthened by expressions of sympathy and encouragement from one who has long known and loved our master, while engaged in his most difficult service."

October 24.—We had the pleasure yesterday of welcoming back Miss Golding of last year, now Mrs. Kumler. A little party of our friends were with us at tea, and the members of our family were invited to visit with them in the evening. Very many of the

young ladies seemed exceedingly happy in seeing again a teacher whom they had so much loved and respected, and in receiving an introduction to the gentleman who has appropriated her as his own. The gentleman aforesaid defended himself bravely against their accusations of robbery, and declared that if he should never do anything worse he would consider himself happy. Although the young ladies spent but an hour with us in the parlors and seminary hall, they seemed to find much pleasure in that brief time; and it was very gratifying to us to have them form some acquaintance with the good friends whom we have about us, and feel that they are not indifferently looked upon as an isolated community, but that they are regarded with deep interest. We are truly blessed in the sympathizing, intelligent and efficient friends whom we have in town. Rev. and Mrs. Kumler are to enter upon home missionary work in Greenville, Ohio. May the same energetic, self-forgetting spirit which ennobled the life of the pupil at Mt. Holyoke and the teacher at Oxford, make beautiful and holy the coming years of the minister's wife.

A recent letter from one of our trustees tells us of a munificent bequest from one of whose large-hearted piety you of Mt. Holyoke have occasion to know, as well as we. Mr. Kingman, of Boston, gives us one thousand dollars for the purpose of founding a scholarship, which shall maintain at school a missionary's daughter free of all expense. Perhaps you do not know that the pretty, comfortable room reserved for our sick was fitted up by the generosity of Mrs. King-

man. May the blessing which alone maketh rich be ever theirs.

NOVEMBER 21.—Yesterday was Thanksgiving day. We did not invite much company, influenced by the very practical consideration that we probably should not secure it if we did. Everybody best loves to be at home on that day of all days. We had with us at dinner, however, our pastor, Rev. Mr. Root, Rev. and Mrs. Kumler and Mr. Ells with his family. Is it possible that you have been so long acquainted with our school and do not know Mr. Ells? Why, he is our daily benefactor. Nothing could be more appropriate than that he, whose presence always reminds us of an occasion of devout gratitude, should be with us on Thanksgiving day. He is one of our trustees and superintendent of our out-door affairs. It is he who sees that we have the wherewithal for our daily bread and fire, and that improvements are continually going on about the grounds and the building. He never forgets, never neglects, never frets. His steady efficiency is put forth with that quiet, kindly manner, which makes his life no less a moral than a material blessing to us. It is a comfort to have so sensible, reliable and sympathizing a friend ever at hand. We were very glad to have him, his pleasant wife and two little children with us yesterday. Thanksgiving would hardly seem genuine without a child in the house.

JANUARY 6, 1857.—The two days past have been blessed ones to us. The house has been pervaded by a quietness, in which the "still, small voice" of the spirit has been distinctly heard. Much fervent prayer

has gone up to God, and he has sent an answer into our souls. The prayer-meetings throughout the day were very fully attended, and we trust Christ was in the midst. In the afternoon Miss Peabody met in the hall those who are not Christians. They listened with the most serious attention to her words, and at the close she invited those who desired above all things to seek an interest in Christ, and were willing to have that desire known, to come to her room that evening. We believe that there were four or five in school who would gladly accept such an invitation, but it was with grateful surprise that Miss Peabody found her room *filled* at evening. Some came, doubtless, from the transient excitement of sympathy, but others were earnestly inquiring the way to be saved, and some were beginning to indulge a trembling hope in Christ. We felt that we could not have such a day pass without the seal of at least one conversion. Nor did God suffer it to do so. One for whom importunate prayer has been offered, and who has passed through deep waters to find a savior, did lay down her proud heart that night at the foot of the cross, broken and contrite. Oh! may the holy spirit *abide* with us.

Monday, January 26.—We had the happiness yesterday of listening to the Rev. Dr. Allen, of Lane Seminary. We attended morning service in town, and he preached to us in the hall in the afternoon. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice," was the morning text. In the afternoon he dwelt upon that most touching of all our savior's gracious sayings, "Whoever shall do the will of my father in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother."

It is a great thing for any school to enjoy the earnest interest of a materly mind and warm, Christian heart like Dr. Allen's. He is one of our trustees and we hope that he will come to see us often.

1857.

Among the first events recorded of this year is a little incident in which we will all feel interested. "When the noon coach from Hamilton came in last Friday, Miss Peabody stood in the hall to meet the arrivals, as usual. After the old scholars had received their warm welcome, the timorous new comers drew near. Each received a kindly word and look to make her feel that she had at least one friend in the house; but the last one stood demurely waiting with her thick veil unlifted. "What poor, bashful girl is that?" thought Miss Peabody. Hoping to relieve her embarrassment, she raised her veil, saying, "Who is this?" In a moment her arms were thrown around the strange new scholar with the glad cry, "Emily Jessup!" Her visit was a very short one, but full of pleasure to the old friends who had known and loved her at Mt. Holyoke, and to the new ones who had only heard of her before."

1858.

In 1858 we find the mention of our first missionaries, Mrs. Quick, of Ceylon, who was a member of the school in 1856, and Miss Mary Spooner, now Mrs. Worcester, who found her field of labor among the Cherokees.

Shortly before anniversary, Miss Fiske, whose name

is so well known in all the churches, visited the seminary. This visit was a great treat to all the household; our beloved missionary bringing direct news from far-away Oroomiah, was a guest whom all delighted to honor. She remarked that our western girls reminded her of her Persian girls in their frank enthusiasm and naturalness of manner. Her extreme modesty and lack of self consciousness made us forget her greatness, while she talked with us and ate with us, but when she had gone we remembered how our hearts had burned within us, while she talked; and we felt that we had communed with one like unto the son of man.

1859.

In 1859 two more were added to the list of missionaries. Mrs. Woodin, formerly Miss Utley, a teacher, sailed in the fall for China, and Mrs. Shedd, Jenny Dawes, of the Class of '58, for Persia. We find in connection with the mention of their names this request recorded by the journalist: "We ask that those who love the seminary will pray that many of her children may be messsengers of mercy to the dark places of the earth."

Dr. Perkins, of Persia, visited the seminary in November. He left behind him many pleasant memories of own consecrated life, and much useful and interesting information about Oriental customs and mission work among the Nestorians.

The new year of 1860 found the family busily preparing one of the members of the senior class to sail in February for Persia, Miss Harriet Newell Craw-

ford. A visitor to Miss Peabody's room would have imagined that she had turned seamstress. The click of the sewing machine was heard from morning until night, and scores of busy fingers were preparing work for its swift needle.

During these early years we find frequent allusions to pleasant Christmas gatherings, Thanksgiving festivities, examinations and anniversary days, of which we can not take time for special mention. Interesting lectures are also referred to: A course in Physiology, by Dr. Rea, the excellent friend and family physician of the seminary; a lecture on the Life and Work of Dr. Thomas Arnold, by Rev. Mr. Root; one or more on Hygiene, by Dr. Mussey, of Cincinnati, who did not hesitate to use his eloquent sarcasm against the fashionable follies of the day; lectures by Rev. Mr. Rice and Rev. F. S. McCabe. Of Dr. Rea's lectures we find a more extended notice: "Three days in the week we confront the grinning ghastliness of humanity, disrobed of flesh and sinews. On one side hangs what the doctor calls 'a beautiful French skeleton,' where a heart once bounded, whereon grace, perhaps, was poured, pitiable relic of that which sang and smiled, danced and laughed. On the other side hangs another frame, equipped with the wonderful tissue of muscles, nerves and blood vessels. But the muscles are shrunken and varnished; from the arteries the wine of life has been poured out and red lead has been poured in, the nerves are painted white. Between these spectres and above on the stage, a manikin mocks the fair proportions of humanity. Among these exiles of the grave, the doctor's form rears its six feet four

inches of comeliness, instinct with life and earnestness. In the midst of his enthusiastic love of his wonderful science, an undercurrent of wit occasionally flashes out, which keeps us wide awake."

Mention is also made of Prof. Kidd's instruction in elocution, Rev. Mr. Peabody's letters from Europe and the visits of many good friends.

At the close of this chapter of the journal a characteristic letter which had been received from Dr. Rea, full of good cheer and the old-time wit, was read by Miss Anna Kumler, of the Class of '79, daughter of one of the first teachers previously mentioned, Mrs. Abbie [Golding] Kumler.

CHAPTER III.

READ BY MAY HENRY.

1860.

The school year of 1859-60 was brought to a sudden close by the fire of January 14. The journal gives a full account of the thrilling events of that night and of the experience of the following months:

"Our household had retired as usual and were all resting quietly, when at about twelve o'clock, one of the young ladies in No. 11, in the fifth story, was awakened by a light in her room, and a rumbling noise, as though small fragments of mortar were falling. She rose to find that the partitions of her room were burning, though the plaster prevented the flames

from bursting into the room. The fire originated from a defective flue, and had probably been burning for many hours. The teachers were quietly notified of the discovery, and under their direction the steward, Mr. Elliot, was summoned, and the remainder of the household aroused. Mr. Elliot's investigations soon made it evident that nothing could be done to save the building. The young ladies formed themselves in lines to pass buckets of water, but it was of no avail. Friends from town were soon on the ground and every effort was directed to saving clothing and furniture. There was no confusion, no excitement. Never before had there been so much reason to be proud of the conduct of our young ladies. One of the pupils made a very narrow escape. Having returned to her room on the fifth floor, hoping to save more of her property, she found, when she was ready to leave, that the stairway was on fire. She went back to her room; moved her bed near the window; hastily attached to the bedpost a rope formed of strips torn from her sheets and counterpane, by which she let herself down to the ground. Her first words, when she had completed her dangerous descent, were to inquire, "I wonder if any one has thought to get the silver out?"

The doors of the Oxford Female College were hospitably opened to receive the homeless family, and turning away from the burning house the sorrowful procession made its way thither, to seek shelter from the snow and sleet. The appearance of the company was grotesque enough to provoke a smile in the midst

of the sorrow, the motley garb, the ill-matched suits, table covers and blankets for wraps, stockingless feet and bare heads. On Saturday morning the school met at the Female College for a short devotional exercise, and to receive directions from their teachers. There was new meaning in the words of the dear old Portuguese hymn as that band that had been brought safely through the flames, sang them together that morning—

> "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
> My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
> The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
> Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine."

The young ladies were kindly cared for by the families of the village over the Sabbath. On Sabbath morning the communion service was celebrated in the Presbyterian church. The lesson read from scripture was from Acts xxvii, and there seemed special appropriateness in the words: "There shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship." Rev. Mr. Langstroth preached a sermon of thanksgiving from the words of Habakkuk: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." The president of the university, Dr. Hall, spoke some words of encouragement to the friends of the seminary, who were sorrowing over their disappointed hopes. He said: "Though now you are

cast down by sorrow, and the way seems dark, yet when a new seminary shall crown yon beautiful hill, one of fairer proportions; one giving more general satisfaction; one which will be an honor to the church, then you will love it more tenderly because you have suffered for its sake." He seemed to express the general sentiment of the community, "the seminary must be rebuilt."

It was decided to rent the house of Mr. James Fisher, in the beautiful grounds next to the seminary, for the use of the senior class the remainder of the year, and in that building they completed the studies of the course, under the instruction of Miss Peabody and Miss McCabe. Many precious memories cluster around those days spent in the "Little Western." Mention should be made in this connection of one of the early friends of the seminary, Professor Elliot, of the university, who, among many other kindnesses, at this time taught the class in Butler's Analogy. The class graduated in May, and we find the following account of the day, taken from one of the current papers: "The young ladies stood before the audience objects of peculiar interest, as remnants of the first seminary's pupils, and, having finished their course in a way original and romantic, they appeared not simply graduates of a school, but beautiful memorials of the past; and hence the services connected with their graduation did not consist so much in granting diplomas as in uttering sentiments, originating in common sympathies for the past and hopes for the future." One of the events of the occasion was the fitting up of a box to be placed in the corner-stone of the new building. Into

this box Dr. Allen, president of the board of trustees, placed catalogues of the Oxford schools and some other documents of the day; and also some written sentiments prepared by members of the graduating class. We copy the following: "The Western Female Seminary; Christ himself the chief corner-stone. It has nothing to fear but that it may not know its duty, or may fail to do it. May the pillar of cloud which guarded the door of the tabernacle rest ever at the going in of our beloved seminary, preventing the ingress of anything that defileth or maketh a lie."

The teachers of the seminary: "May their aim be the approbation of God, his favor their reward."

Miami University:

> "Seldom yet did living creature see,
> That courtesy and manhood disagree."

The citizens of Oxford:

> "What can I pay thee for this noble usage
> But grateful praise? Thus heaven itself is paid."

The trustees: "Their honor got by many actions, lost by none."

Dr. Allen offered the following: "Gabriel Tichenor, to whose large-hearted benefactions the Western Female Seminary owes so much of its original success, and which has done so much to sustain the courage of its friends in the season of its calamity."

The class of 1861 also completed its course in this temporary home. Even as late as August of that year it seemed doubtful whether the new building could be ready for use that fall. The disturbed state

of the country made it almost impossible to raise the necessary funds, and the trustees were ready to decide upon a postponement of the opening. But a few brave hearts, headed by our principal, could not say "fail," and with vigorous efforts the needed pecuniary pledges were secured, the heating apparatus ordered from the east, the three miles of steam pipe laid through the building, a work of six months accomplished in as many weeks, and on October 9, the scattered family met in the new home. In the list of teachers who constituted the corps of instructors for this year we find a new name added, Miss Emily Jessup, and affectionate allusion made to her invalid condition, as well as to the great value of her instruction in the class-room and in religious meetings.

The new building was not dedicated until May 21, 1862. The general assembly of the Presbyterian church was at that time in session in Cincinnati, and attended the exercises by invitation. The dedicatory address was delivered by Rev. H. H. Field, of New York.

In June, 1861, the seminary came into possession of a permanent fund of $20,000, the income of which shall be applied to the salaries of teachers. This was the bequest of Gabriel Tichenor, of Walnut Hills, one of the first donors to the seminary, who himself died before the original building was completed.

By his last will he bequeathed a large portion of his estate to the cause of Christian and ministerial education, one-half of which was to be devoted to the Western Female Seminary, as above designated, pay-

able one year after the death of his wife. The beloved Mrs. Tichenor died June 1, 1860.

The years 1862–63 passed quietly by, with but little to interrupt the school and family life.

The spring of '64 was another of the marked eras in our history, when the school was called to pass through most trying experiences. Before the spring vacation two dear girls in the household died. Of one of these, Addie Curtis, we will take a brief sketch from the journal, as an illustration of some of the experiences that belong to our history: "Addie was a young, timid girl of fifteen, who came a stranger among us at the opening of the year. She classed herself among those who had no hope in Chirst, at first, but early in the year she came to her section teacher with the good news that she had given her heart to Jesus. Soon after New Year's sudden changes in the weather occasioned some sickness in the house, and Addie was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism. In a few days it became evident that she could not live. Upon Miss Peabody devolved the painful duty of telling Addie that she was passing away. In the midst of intense suffering the poor child looked appealingly to Miss Peabody, and said: 'Oh, what does this terrible pain mean?' Miss Peabody took her hand and said, 'Dear Addie, we fear that it means that you are dying.' With a startled look she turned to her mother, and said, 'Do you hear what Miss Peabody said? She frightened me.' The fear was only for a moment; soon the promised peace settled upon the soul of the dying one, and like a veteran who had fought the fight and finished the

work, she gathered her robes around her to die. She asked Miss Peabody to pray with her, and continued the supplications with her own voice. The remainder of the night was full of triumphant joy; many messages were left for loved ones: 'Tell father that I love him, and that I die in the love of the Savior Tell him I want him to love Jesus.' 'Tell sister Jennie to love the Savior; oh, I did not begin soon enough.' 'Tell Miss Golding she has been one cause of leading me to the Savior. She talked to me before I was sick.' 'Tell father I am not sorry I came here. Jesus came to save just such poor sinners as I am. What is that prayer? Oh, Lord! be merciful to me a sinner.' 'Tell Lou and Sarah (her room mates) to try to seek the Savior. Nobody knows how sweet it is to die looking to Jesus.' Later in the night she said: 'I have not gone yet, have I? I thought I saw the shining shore, and the angels and Christ. I want to go, but am willing to wait. I am only fifteen years old. Oh, if I had not become a Christian before I was sick, I could not now. Tell the girls that a dying bed is no place to repent. Fifteen years here, and a long, long eternity just before me.'"

So the night passed away and just as the first bell called the household to the duties of another day, her happy spirit passed from earth to the blessed land where there shall be no more night.

Soon after the opening of the spring term, typhus or spotted fever broke out in the school in a most malignant form. Sarah Ewing was its first victim, a dear friend of Addie Curtis, and one, who, like her, had just begun a Christian life, having been led to

accept the Savior in response to the dying message of her friend. Within a few days after Sarah's death twenty-seven of the family were prostrated by this disease, and it became necessary to close the school. Some were carried to their homes and others were too weak to be moved. About forty of the young ladies volunteered to remain as nurses, and friends from Oxford were also ready with assistance. Greatly to the surprise of the physicians only five of the whole number died, two in their homes and three at the seminary. Among the latter we would mention, with loving tenderness, Lizzie Ballard Walker, of the Class of '60. After the death of her husband she had turned with weary, loving heart to her seminary home, where she had filled a daughter's place to Miss Peabody, and where her memory still lingers like a sweet fragrance that the years do not dispel.

During these years when the civil war was desolating our land the seminary girls were wide awake to the perils that were threatening their beloved country. We find frequent allusions to their eager interest in the war news; impromptu illuminations in honor of some great victory; hearty singing of the Star Spangled Banner; patriotic willingness to devote an occasional composition day to manufacturing a flag for the seminary, or picking lint for the wounded soldiers. The home life of these years was varied by many pleasant events, most of which must pass unnoticed.

Pleasant mention is again made of little Henry Peabody and the blue-eyed baby sister, Susie, who were frequent visitors at the seminary during these years.

At the close of the reading of this paper a piano solo, "Tourbillon" (Goldbeck), was performed by Miss Susie Peabody, now a member of the junior middle class of the seminary.

Henry Peabody, the baby alluded to in the first chapter, now a young man whose age measures the age of the seminary, was present, and sat with "his class," that of '77, having been voted an "honorary member" during a visit to the seminary in the summer term of that year, just after having taken his diploma at Dartmouth College.

CHAPTER IV.

READ BY LILLIE KENDALL.

Of the remaining years of the seminary history we must content ourselves with merely gleaning the most important events. At the coming together of the school in the fall of 1865 there was great rejoicing over the fact that the trustees had succeeded in freeing the institution from debt.

During the summer of '66, Mrs. Tenney, one of the earliest and most faithful friends of the seminary, died. Those who were familiar with the first days of its life and its struggle for existence, know what a friend was lost in her death. She had been a pupil of Mary Lyon, and her strong, sweet, earnest, practical spirit was, perhaps more than any other, the mainspring of the earliest movement to found this institution. Her

death was keenly felt, and her memory is tenderly cherished. She lies in yonder cemetery, in sight of the school which was so early baptized with her prayers, her sacrifices and her love.

Turning over the pages of the journal we come, in the record of the spring of '68, to another of those startling events that have marked our school history.

MARCH 2.—For a long time we have been troubled by some person breaking into the house occasionally. The chief object seemed to be merely to enter the domestic apartments and store-rooms for food and groceries. It was some time before we discovered how the entrance was effected, but when discovered additional precautions were taken to make the house secure in every part. Soon we found that our precautions were in vain, and that the thief, grown bolder, came above the basement floor; and for several successive Saturday nights young ladies on the first and second floors were convinced that they heard some one in the halls, and in some cases in their rooms. Miss Peabody was in great trouble over the matter. She did not wish to alarm the girls, but the burden on her heart was very heavy. On the night of February 22 the house was entered again. On Sabbath morning there was quite a stir at the breakfast table; one had heard footsteps in the hall; another in her room; another had heard a bunch of keys fall; a flash of light, like the striking of a match, had been seen; a writing-desk had been disturbed. When we came to teachers' prayer-meeting that morning we were greatly troubled, and felt that we must commit the trouble to God. We

had used every precaution in the shape of bars and bolts and watchmen, though we had not been able to secure a competent guard every night. The exceeding boldness of the intruder led us to think he presumed on the fact of our being women, the only man who sleeps in the house having his room in the basement. Another week passed by, and the night of February 29 found us without a suitable guard. Miss Golding, one of the teachers, announced her intention of keeping watch with a determination to solve the dark mystery. Mrs. Swing said she must not sit up alone, so, when the last light was out, the two ladies took their seats in the library, in the middle of the main hall, first floor.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock steps were heard coming up from the basement, and going up the south stairs of the main building. The ladies waited until they heard them on the third floor, and then quietly left their place of watching one to notify Miss Peabody, the other to go for Mr. Lyons, the steward, who lives in a little cottage a few rods from the seminary. The man who usually slept in the house had that day been discharged, and his place had not been filled. There was no time to summon more assistance, so the four ladies, Miss Peabody, her room mate, Miss Thomas, Miss Golding, Mrs. Swing, with Mr. Lyons and another man who was with him, formed their plan of defense and capture. Mrs. Swing and Miss Golding lighted the lower hall. Mrs. Swing with a lamp went up the stairs of the south wing, Miss Thomas those of the north wing, Miss Peabody kept watch in the main hall, first floor, Miss Golding on the second floor, Mr.

Lyons with a dark lantern went up the main stairs; he, only, was armed. The unarmed man, Mr. Butler, went up the stairs of the north wing without a light. The burglar, hearing footsteps below, sought an escape by the north wing stairs, but ran against Mr. Butler. Retracing his steps to the main building he met Mr. Lyons, who, thinking it might be Mr. Butler, said: "Henry, is that you?" There was no answer. Mr. Lyons called: "Speak, or I'll shoot you." At this moment Mr. Lyons' dark lantern went out, and the man, seeing his advantage, jumped over the balustrade to the stairs, and in an instant was on the second floor. Here Miss Golding appeared, with light in hand, and the pursuit commenced. The burglar leaped down the next flight and tried to escape through the front door, but failing to unlock it he rushed through the parlors through the chapel, where he stopped long enough to throw a settee at Mr. Lyons, through the south hall, down stairs to the domestic hall and out of the door. Mr. Lyons had fired his revolver more than once, before each shot demanding that the man should stop. The last shot was fired just as he unlocked the outer door. Prof. McFarland was summoned, and search was made for the man. He was found dead a few rods from the house. The whole pursuit scarcely occupied three minutes. None but those mentioned knew the cause of the alarm. Some of the girls slept through it all, and heard of it first at the breakfast table the next morning.

When we gathered at the table Miss Peabody proposed that we should have our devotional exercises first. She related the occurrences of the night, read

appropriate passages of Scripture; "And now," she said, "these promises of protection to those who put their trust in God have been verified to us; we were in great danger, but God took care of us; he gave wisdom and courage to defenseless women who trusted in him, but took them away from the strong man who despised his laws. Young ladies," she continued, "do not dwell on the thought that a wicked man walked through our halls and entered our rooms, but rather lift your thought to God who guarded us from harm, and was our defense and shield." That Sabbath was a solemn day in our family. We could but regret the necessity that had stained our beautiful house with human blood. The burglar was a colored man of Oxford. An inquest was held, when Mr. Lyons was acquitted, with expressions of commendation by all the officers of justice having the affair in charge."

During the year '68-69 some pleasant family events are recorded. "Early in October the Synod of Indiana came over from Connersville where they were in session, to make us a visit. The telegram announcing their intention was received late Friday afternoon, and all hands were kept busy Saturday morning to prepare dinner for our sixty guests. The visit was a pleasant one, especially to those who had fathers, brothers or pastors among the visitors. The gentlemen were shown all over the house and grounds, and religious exercises were held in the chapel. Many pleasant and interesting things were said, and the whole day was a delightful one. Among the guests was our beloved ex-pastor, Rev. J. P. E. Kumler, whose departure from Oxford during the previous

summer had been a great sorrow. He and Mrs. Kumler are such true friends to us and to the school that to lose them seems like losing part of ourselves."

"Christmas day brought the gift of a new carriage from several of our trustees, Mr. Hinkle, Mr. Roots and Mr. Shafer. Our old carriage has done us good service, going to town twice a day for several years; but for the last month we have had serious apprehensions that some day, like the famous "one horse shay," it would go to atoms and leave horse, driver and letters scattered on the road. So we confided our fears to good Mr. Hinkle, and the result was a committee on "ways and means" to get a carriage. Have we not introduced Mr. Hinkle to you? It must be because we thought no introduction was necessary of one who, as a most faithful trustee since 1861, has been such a frequent visitor at our home; one whose very name represents to every seminary girl, good cheer and hearty laughter and kindly interest; one who is ever ready to come to us on the shortest notice for aid and counsel; who is never too busy to attend to our commissions in the city, and whose pleasant home is always open to receive us. He and his wife always spend Christmas with us; Mr. Hinkle coming up on the last train, as he is one of the chief men of the famous Bethel Sunday School of Cincinnati, and can not be spared from the Christmas dinner that is always served to its two thousand pupils. Some of Mr. Hinkle's friends say that he has two pets; the Bethel Sabbatb School and the Western Female Seminary; but he divides his heart and his time so equally between them, that neither finds occasion for jealousy. On the

present occasion Mrs. Swing, one of our number gifted with rhyme, celebrated the donors of the new carriage in an ode, very original in ideas and style. The reading of it was the principal event of Christmas evening."

CHAPTER V.

READ BY LIZZIE QUICK, DAUGHTER OF MRS. MARIA [THATCHER] QUICK, THE FIRST MISSIONARY WHO WENT OUT FROM THE SEMINARY.

The year 1870-71 is another memorable year. We were obliged to say good-bye to one who for eleven years had filled an important place in our family. Miss Gow, to whose earnest, practical instructions those of the Alumnæ who remember her, will gladly acknowledge their indebtedness. Her health had failed so completely that it was impossible for her to remain longer. Her successor, as journalist, pays affectionate tribute to the one whose going left such an empty place in our hearts and home. "We miss her every where. To her pupils no instruction can be quite like hers. To the teachers no one can be just the same counsellor, the same friend, the same helper that Miss Gow was."

During the fall and winter great inconvenience and considerable anxiety were caused by failure of our supply of water. Measles, too, made its appearance, making it necessary to anticipate the vacation by one week; but the unwelcome visitor returned with us

when we re-assembled, and all but two of the school who had not had it before, took the disease.

A plan was projected this year for the erection of a suitable porch at the front entrance of the building. Pupils and Alumnæ joined heartily in the effort. After the mail of April 6, the amount contributed footed up at just $1,507.15. Special thanks were offered in the meetings that evening, and the earnest petition that our completed building might be more entirely consecrated as an abiding place for the King of kings. Five hours later the offering that we had laid upon the altar had been accepted by fire. "We laid us down and slept"—we awaked—yes, surely the Lord sustained in that sudden waking. It is impossible to put in words the horror of those hours; the cry of fire sending the cold chill to every heart; the anxious thoughts for sisters and pupils and friends; the stifling smoke; the darting flames; the utter helplessness with which we watched, not knowing but that some dear ones were still in danger. There was nothing we could do. Again kind friends welcomed the homeless ones to their own homes, and clothed them with their own clothing. The smouldering ruins spoke sorrowfully to those who had loved the seminary and labored for it during these years, but other voices were soon heard that assured us that our father had not forgotten. The morning after the fire one of the Seniors came to Miss Peabody with the word that her books were all piled up in front of the seminary, and on the top of all was lying "Muller's Life of Trust." "I do believe," she said, "it means that God is going to give us back our beautiful seminary, just as he gave

Muller the orphan houses." The first mails brought letters that proved how large a place the seminary filled in the hearts of its friends. Some of these were written before the news of our calamity had reached their writers. One from our then newly elected trustee, Preserved Smith, of Dayton, brought these words: "I enjoyed your last anniversary, and hope to be present at the next, and to spend more time and to become better acquainted with you. I have thought for some time to invest some money in your institution, but what amount, and in what manner, I have not fully decided; but I am ready now to promise $200 toward the *porch* when it is completed." The same mail brought a check for $100 from another trustee, G. Y. Roots, for the same object.

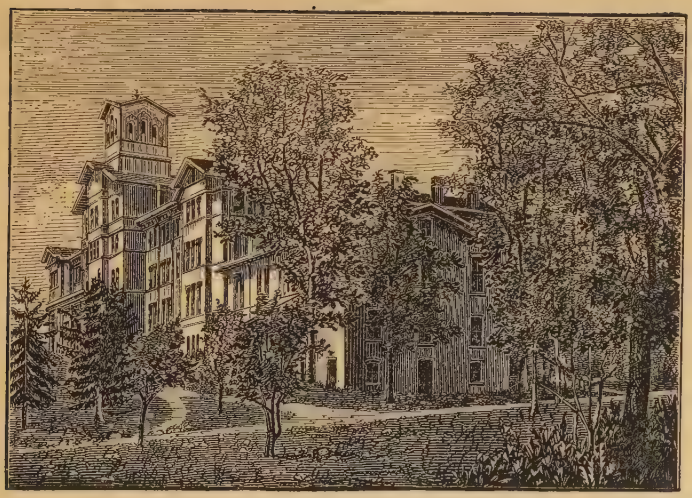
Two days later these words, so full of strength, came from Mrs. Rhea, then in East Tennessee: "The world, the church, the mothers and daughters in Israel, can not spare 'The Western,' and I must be the first to bring an offering for this great work. I enclose one dollar towards rebuilding the house. It is a widow's mite and the master will not despise it." The sum enclosed was made up to five dollars by friends who learned that Mrs. Rhea was writing. She sends the precious offering with this benediction: "The Lord multiply thee one hundred thousand times, and supply all your needs and build your waste-places and comfort your hearts and give you wisdom and grace and guidance, and sanctify to all concerned this afflictive event."

One of the graduates of the Class of '69 wrote:

"I have just seen a telegram in the Cincinnati Gazette that the seminary is in ruins. How can it be! Here are ten dollars for the new building. Please give it to Miss Peabody with my dearest love. God's ways are very mysterious, but it must all mean love."

From one and another such words of love, accompanied with offerings of money, continued to pour in, and our trustees were not long in deciding to commence the work of rebuilding. Our good Mr. McCord, whose name we would speak lovingly and reverently, being written among those who "rest from their labors," was asked on that night of April, as he looked upon the burning walls, whether it would ever be rebuilt. Without a moment's hesitation, he replied: "Why, yes; we'll have it rebuilt before it gets cold."

Miss Peabody and a few of the other teachers occupied a house in Oxford during the summer, where plans were formed, letters written, reports of progress prepared and everything done that could be, to further the good work. By the 18th of October, diligent workmen had made the house ready for the school. Truly, it seemed to those who had looked upon the smoking ruins in April and now mounted the stone steps at the entrance, that the hand of the Lord was visible. "I will never leave you nor forsake you," seemed to echo throughout the halls. Every brick and timber, every pane of glass and every article of furniture seemed a monument of love. The little grandchildren of the seminary, the far away missionary, hard working teachers, lonely widows, rich and poor, white and black, all had sent their offerings for the rebuilding and furnishing. Everything was fresh



CARRIAGE APPROACH TO SEMINARY.

and clean, and there were many improvements and conveniences added, for which we had sighed in the old building. The great regulator in the hall ticking away the hours is a memorial of the Class of '60. The dainty little silver castors on the tables in the dining room, sparkle in the gaslight, and recall pleasant associations with the Class of '67. The oaken furniture on the platform of the seminary hall comes from the Class of '70; and so we are reminded at every turn, of the love of the older sisters, who have rejoiced to have a share in making the old home beautiful once more.

The new building was dedicated the day before Thanksgiving. Trustees, Alumnæ and friends gathered with hearts full of thankfulness for the service. Nine of the Class of '71 sat upon the platform, and received from the president of the board the diplomas which would have been awarded the preceding June. The address by Rev. Mr. Kumler carried us through the years of our seminary history, and reminded us of the responsibility resting upon educated Christian women in this day. Among the many touching allusions that were made by different speakers one seemed to have a very precious lesson. Reference was made to the way in which dear Miss Jessup was rescued from the burning building on that fearful night, almost miraculous strength being given to young girls who so nobly lifted her chair in their arms and carried her down the stairway, far away from danger. Some one in speaking of it had said, "I believe it was God who did it, and he permits those girls to have the pleasure of thinking it was they." "So," said the

speaker, "I believe it was God who wrought all these marvelous things we give thanks for here to-day, but he has allowed Brothers McCord and Hinkle to think it was they who were doing it in his name." The thought found echo in our hearts, for could any human power alone have so evoked beauty out of ashes?

CHAPTER VI.

READ BY LAURA MAGILL.

We have not tried to record with the return of each year, the details of our father's dealings, for time would fail us for the half. It has been our greatest desire that our school should be Christ's school; that each pupil should be one of the King's daughters, that every room should be an abiding place for the holy spirit. We can not tell you of the many ways in which these prayers have been answered; it is a precious memory that there is not a year of our history which has not been the birth-year into the new life of some souls. Sometimes with a quiet, gentle influence, spreading from one to another; sometimes with a more powerful influence from without, the work has been carried on in our midst. The first year in the new building brought us a precious baptism. We find the following sketch which was prepared by Miss Peabody at the time:

"Only a few hours before the seminary building was consumed by fire on the seventh of last April,

united and earnest prayer was made to God that when the stone porch should be erected and our precious building completed, it and all it contained might be more wholly the Lord's than ever before, and like the King's daughter it might be all glorious within. In less than six hours from the time those prayers were offered, we were aroused to look upon the beautiful fabric, a shapeless mass of ruins. But he who said of his own body 'Destroy this temple and in three days I will build it again' helped us not only to kiss the rod, but to press it to our lips, and to believe that somehow it was full of his love. How he touched and warmed hearts toward the work of rebuilding, in nearly every State of the Union, and prompted them to send their five, ten or twenty dollars, wrapped about with sympathy and prayer, and often with most touching history of loving self-sacrifice; you have already been told.

When we saw that the building would be ready for occupancy by October 18, we recognized in the fact the love and thought of God for it, but not the answer to our last prayer in the former building. But when a loved and only daughter from a distant southern State was placed in our care, a few weeks before the time of opening school, and before we were ready to occcupy the new building she was brought to feel her need of and to seek a saving interest in the savior of lost sinners, we took it gratefully as an earnest of the answer. Then the first Sabbath night in the new building was marked, as we believe, by the new birth of another precious soul from a distant western State. As the weeks went on, amid many

discomforts incident to our peculiar circumstances, and many most severe and sharp tests of our faith, the following little note was slipped into my hand: "I have found out of late what a sinner I am, and I have prayed night and day that I might get rid of my burden. I can hardly get my lessons, for my mind is continually on the subject of being a Christian. Will you not pray for me? Nothing would make me so happy as to know that I was a child of God." Other similar requests followed, and before the week of prayer ten or twelve had chosen the redeemer out the fifty who had entered the school without a hope in Christ. Monday, January 8, lessons were suspended, and the whole day was observed with fasting and prayer.

The evening of that day found our whole school assembled in a voluntary prayer meeting at which more than sixty written requests were presented for prayer for the writers or their friends. Many of the followers of Christ were hungering for a better and holier life. Others, burdened for an unconverted parent, brother, or school-mate, poured out their hearts in most direct, brief, voluntary prayer. About forty such prayers were offered without a sufficient pause for us to rise from our knees. "Come, Holy Spirit, for Christ's sake," was the burden of each one. The interest continued through the week of prayer, but the Day of Pentecost was not fully reached until the 17th of February. That day brought to our house our beloved trustee, Rev. J. L. McKee, D. D., of Louisville, Ky. For days a blessing had been sought on his coming, and it proved to be the coming of one sent

from God. We were first led by him, unitedly, to seek for the grace of attention to the truth, and his prayer was answered, and for ten days at our morning devotions at nine o'clock, and at our evening service from seven to eight, one hundred and sixty eager faces, in almost breathless attention, hung upon the clear, searching, solemn words of eternal truth as they fell with touching tenderness from the speaker's lips. Another day we were directed to unite in seeking the convicting power of the holy spirit, and the answers to these prayers can not be described. For, in a wonderful manner, were the deceits and desperate state of of the heart laid bare, till we were glad to plead for the saving influence of the holy spirit. The evening of that day, in a spontaneous prayer meeting, held after the evening service with no teacher or leader present but the holy spirit, eighteen gave their hearts to God, and at once set to work to save their companions. Some, who had been leaders in sin and disobedience, with confession, with tears and entreaties, sought out the companions they felt they had led astray and prayed with and for them, begging them to turn and become reconciled to God. The work is still in progress, and, in some views of it, is just begun. Our school is just now like a beautiful orchard, loaded with fragrant, tinted bloom. But we can not count the fruit until after the frosts, early and late; the winds, the moist and the dry, and the summer's heat have all finished their work. With this analogy before us, we shrink from speaking of numbers, yet to the praise of sovereign grace, we hope the number left in the dear household without a saving knowledge of

Christ is less than ten, perhaps less than half that number, and the blessed master still waits to be gracious. Dr. McKee left us at three o'clock Thursday afternoon. As he stepped into the carriage, awaiting him at the door, the whole school had gathered upon the beautiful stone porch, built with the offerings of hundreds who love the seminary, and there united their hearts and voices in those most appropriate words, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." As the carriage drove away they returned to the chapel to pour out their overflowing love and gratitude to him who had made the labor of his servant such a blessing to us, and in earnest pleadings that the power of the holy spirit would, in a similar manner, attend his work at Pewee Valley and Danville. Though this beloved servant of the Lord has gone from us, thanks be unto God, his master tarries, and the saving work still goes on. It is now reaching out into many of the homes and churches represented in the school, after kindred and friends, and gracious answers to prayer are causing sister's hearts to overflow in grateful yearning after others still unsaved."

Of the years '65, '77 and '78 as interesting records might be brought forward, but we must let the one just given, serve as an illustration. Temporal blessings were not denied in immediate connection with the spiritual ones of which we have been speaking. On the day observed as the concert of prayer for schools and colleges, in the same year, a check for $5,000 was received by the president of the board for the treasury of the seminary. There was a curious coincidence about that number, 5,000. The amount

that was contributed in small sums for the rebuilding was $5,000; the trustees in larger donations made up the same amount as their contribution, and now a single individual, an aged lady in Illinois, who had never seen the seminary adds her $5,000. Now what shall we say more? These eight years that have passed since the present seminary building was finished have been full of good things. Many guests have tarried with us for a season, doing us good by earnest words and sympathy. Missionary friends from over the seas, noble men and elect ladies of the church, whose names we would delight to record, if time permitted. In the spring of '76 members of the first six classes gathered at the seminary for a reunion in honor of the fiftieth birthday of our beloved principal. Twenty-one graduates, with fourteen of their children came to us and we had a delightful time with them, recalling the past, and looking forward to the future.

We would not omit grateful mention of hospitable friends in Oxford who have not forgotten that school girls love sometimes to find their way into a real home parlor, and to sit down to a cosy home table. Many of the Alumnæ of these years, treasure among the most pleasant recollections of their school days, the memory of a day or an evening spent at the home of Mrs. Lewis, or Mr. McCord, as one of the crowning delights of the busy senior year.

Year after year improvements have been made in the building and furnishings, as well as in the course of study. New apparatus has been obtained, and books added to the library. Large additions to the

library have been the gift of our beloved and lamented trustee, Prof. Mills, of Crawfordsville.

The chapter of the journal which has just been prepared for the year that is closing relates a pleasant episode of last anniversary. Just before the collation was announced, a secret which we had with difficulty kept from burning through for long weeks, was allowed to burst into a blaze. Our dear treasurer, Preserved Smith, of Dayton, sat with bowed head, while his munificent gift of ten thousand dollars ($10,000) was announced and applauded. The principal is to remain intact for twenty-five years, while the interest is to be applied as follows: $150 to the library, $200 to lectures and the remainder to the education of needy young ladies, who, after a year's connection with the seminary, have shown themselves worthy of such assistance.

Is not this a fitting close for our story? Can not we see the Father's love on every page of this record? And can we not leave the future with him, trustingly, cheerfully, believing that he knoweth what things we have need of?

At the close of the reading of these sketches the school rose, and a brief scripture recitation closed the exercises of the morning. A single voice asked the question:

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"—Ps. cxvi, 12; to which the school responded:

"We will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord."

"O praise the Lord all ye nations; praise him all ye

people. For his merciful kindness is great toward us; and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord."—Ps. cxvi, 12; cxvii, 1, 2.

Rev. Dr. Little pronounced the benediction.

Being still in the body, it was a needful transition to descend from these exalted heights and repair to the dining-room, where a material feast was spread, served "in collation style" by the teachers and young ladies, amid social enjoyment unalloyed. It is evident that culinary skill at the seminary has attained a perfection which entitles it to a diploma. By previous arrangement the Oxford friends contributed their lunch baskets, and their presence added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. It may here be parenthetically remarked that, while the thrilling history of the morning had been rehearsing in the hall, two of the little "grandsons" of the seminary were down at the pond engaged in the remarkable pastime of "damming up the seminary"—at least that is what they told their mothers, in hasty, animated recital of their happy forenoon play; and in proof of it their little dam yet stands. It is now high and dry, however, waiting for the first freshet to sweep it away, while, to our great relief, the twenty-sixth school year of the seminary is already gliding along with unusual smoothness and happiness, and an attendance which has increased more than one-foruth since last year.

REUNION DAY.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

The respective class meetings, which had been arranged at the morning alumnæ business meeting, were held in private rooms at the first bell after dinner. Experiences were interchanged, too sacred to be recorded even here; letters from absent ones were read, and old acquaintance renewed from the standpoint of earnest women matured by experiences of life and the world all unknown in school days. The time proving too short, adjourned class-meetings were arranged according to the convenience of each.

At two o'clock exercises were resumed in the hall, opening with "May Bells" by the chorus class.

Miss Ida B. Robbins read her class mate's poem,

"HOME AGAIN."

WRITTEN BY MISS MARY V. EWING, CLASS '78.

Home again! the welcome summons,
  Calls us back from far and near;
Other homes and duties claim us,
  But our common home is here.
School girls, here we worked together,
  With a common end and aim,
"Schooled girls" now return we hither,
  With a love that's just the same.

Home again! the eyelids quiver,
  Pearly drops steal down the cheek,
Tears of joy and not of sorrow,
  Hearts are full and words are weak.
Joy to see each other's faces,
  Clasp each other's hands once more
Hands that lingered long in parting,
  In the sunny days of yore.

Home again! the memory lingers
  O'er those happy, happy days,
When each hour was full of pleasure,
  And each moment full of praise.
Here we learned that life is earnest,
  Not a worthless, idle toy,
Something given us to cherish,
  For a noble, high employ.

Here we learned a higher wisdom
  Than the world can ever give,
'Tis not all for mortal pleasure,
  'Tis not all of life to live.
Here through faith and earnest prayer,
  Many feet that loved to stray,
Turned aside from paths of error,
  To a new and living way.

Home again! is each one with us?
  No. Some seats are vacant now,
Some have crossed the tossing ocean,
  With a high and holy vow;
Gone the seed of life to scatter,
  Far away in heathen lands,
May they come with sheaves abundant
  In their consecrated hands.

Some have crossed another water,
  Deep and dark, with chilling tide;
Hid from us the shores beyond them,
  Bright to them the other side.

Glad the songs that bade them welcome,
  Sweet the rest forever more;
Tenderly they watch and wait us
  Coming to that blessed shore.

Home again! Come in the twilight
  To the accustomed place of prayer.
Gather 'round our teacher-mother—
  Often she has met us there—
Here again her supplications
  For the daughters of her care;
Thank our Father for his goodness
  That this voice he still doth spare.

Thank our Father. Oh, his goodness!
  She is here to greet us home;
'Twould not be so sweet a welcome,
  If another voice had come,
In the place so long remembered
  Where her presence shed the light,
And her hands and heart were busy
  Keeping all so pure and bright.

Soon we part—return to duty—
  But new strength is ours to go;
We have met and held sweet converse
  Once again on earth below.
Soon another grand reunion
  Will recall us home once more,
To a mansion fair and heavenly
  On a calm and peaceful shore.

All then arose and joined in singing, to words arranged for the occasion by Miss Alice Milligan,

AULD LANG SYNE:

Should early friendships be forgot
  And never brought to mind?
Should early friendships be forgot
  And days of lang syne?

For auld lang syne we'll sing
For auld lang syne,
We'll sing a song of friendship sweet,
For auld lang syne.

Our feet have roamed the woodland paths,
In search of flowers fine;
But many a steeper path we've trod,
Since auld lang syne. —*Chorus.*

For harder lessons we have learned,
Full many a weary line
We've conned since those of early days
In auld lang syne. —*Chorus.*

And when we leave our earthly tasks
For service all divine,
We'll sing of how he loved and led
In days of auld lang syne.

Of auld lang syne we'll sing
Of auld lang syne
We'll sing of how he loved and led,
In auld lang syne.

Miss Clara P. Laurie, Class '79, read,

"THE MESSAGE OF THE ABSENT."

WRITTEN BY MRS. MARY BOSWORTH HENDERSON, CLASS '69.

Mother, beloved, the home-wind has brought us,
White-wing'd and lovely, a greeting from thee.
She who has cherished, and blest us, and taught us,
Tenderly yearneth her daughters to see.

Far o'er the earth she is sending her blessing,
Borne on the love-scented breath of that wind.
Syria, Persia, and China refreshing,
Siam, and Laos, and land of the Ind.

Come, oh, my sisters, how can we deny her?
  Come, let us go the feast she has spread.
Do not our hearts burn within with desire
  Once more to taste of her wine and her bread?

Dear Alma Mater, thou hast many daughters,
  Mother of mothers and teachers thou art,
Long weary miles o'er the land and the water
  Life and its duties have called us apart.

Think of the absent ones, those who must linger
  From the glad union of sisters afar;
Think of the absent ones, those whom God's finger
  Evermore marks in thy book with a star.

What shall thy absent ones send to that meeting,
  Dear Alma Mater, to make thee more blest?
Love that is heartfelt, and tenderest greeting,
  Prayers to the one who is surely thy guest.

Yea, he will bless thee, our dear college mother,
  See, 'tis his banner he spreadeth above.
Savior! Immanuel! He and none other,
  Mighty in power and mighty in love.

O! happy sisters who haste to the meeting,
  One there will welcome you home to her heart.
She through whose lips Alma Mater is speaking;
  She who in all of our lives has a part.

Lovingly, gratefully, tribute we tender,
  Love from our full hearts, oh, sisters, we send;
Rise up ye daughters and bless her, and render
  Praise to the teacher, the mother, the friend.

Patient, beside her, another is sitting,
  Sick and in prison yet God's worker blest,
Honor her, sisters, as seemeth well fitting,
  Praises should crown her this day of the feast.

Honor to all who have served Alma Mater,
  Smoothing the path that her footsteps have trod,
Friends she has many, yet one friend is greater,
  Yea, we will give all the praise to our God.

Bring forth the best robes and put them upon her,
  Lo! the sun rises on her natal day,
Jewels and gold should adorn her with honor,
  Crown her with laurel and crown her with bay.

All these are fitting, but more is her guerdon,
  Crown her with noble lives, lived as she taught,
Crown her with duty done, well borne each burden,
  That God in our life work unto us has brought.

Father in Heaven, crown all with thy favor,
  Honor her still as in all her past days,
God of the Covenant! Infinite Savior!
  Bless thou our mother in all of her ways.

Mrs. Harriet [Thompson] McVey, Class of '58, read a paper.

CLASS MOTTOES.

There is hand-writing on these walls. It has greeted our home coming. Not like the fateful "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" that once shook a palace, but like the fair record of God's perfect character, which he has written, not only on the pages of his holy word, but all over the earth. He has told us to write his statutes and laws on the "posts of our houses, and on our gates, but he has traced the beautiful mottoes of his faithfulness, love and truth. His justice, power and glory in the waters that he holds in the hollow of his hand and on the mountains and hills that he weighs in his balance, and we find them in

rainbow colors, arching the spray of the cataract, unfurled on the tinted horizon of morning and evening, unfolding in the petals of lilies and roses, sparkling in the firmament above, and twinkling in the upturned faces of violets and daises in the soft carpet under our feet."

In like manner the mottoes of the Alumnæ of this seminary are fitly reproduced in tasteful designs in chapel, parlor and hall, to aid in making this place of his feet glorious, and in the renewal of consecration vows, and for memorial stones of all the past.

When the Class of '56 offered their prayer motto: "*What wilt thou have me to do?*" it found its way on the beautiful parchment to each one of our number, and each in her own heart knows how God has responded, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do"; and when the Class of '57 took "*Laoti*" for a watchword from their "*Lord accept our tenfold offering,*" he heard; and has also taken of it a wave offering from the altar of consecration on earth to the holy of holies in the heavens.

The Class of '58 are still an unbrokened band. Their motto: "*Da mihi intus pulchrum esse,*" indicates their prayer, "Grant to me to be beautiful within." In granting, the bountiful giver has made them able to bless the home circle, the Bethel work, the temperance cause, the Nestorians, the freedmen and the Indians.

The triple exhortation from the Class of '59, "*Life: take it up bravely, bear it on patiently, lay it down triumphantly,*" reminds us gratefully of their brave lives, of their patient continuance in well doing, and of the

triumphant termination of those who have finished the race.

Our representatives of '60 being tested by the ordeal of fire, recorded "*Affliction cementeth the tie,*" and seven of them have already found "these light afflictions" ended in a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

The noble sentiment of '62, "*Labor now, rest hereafter,*" so like Jesus, "who went about doing good," is suitably followed by that of '63, "*To holy duty here, with loyal hearts bind we our lives.*" Both remind us of their historic fathers and mothers, whose example and training sowed the seed of such devoted "lives."

Jesus said, "By their fruits we shall know them." We know very few of those who added link after link to this chain during the successive years, but we know if the class of '65 have said "*Dum vivimus vivamus*" (let us live while we live), their's is not an aimless life; and if the maxim for '66 was "*Ad astra per aspera*" (toward the stars through difficulties), they do not wish to "be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease." And when we see over the door of the reading room ('67) "*libere accipistis, libere date,*" we know that those girls made our Savior's injunction, "freely ye have received, freely give," an incentive to noble sacrifice for His sake, "who gave Himself for us."

Over the parlor windows the beautiful motto "*una fides, unum opus, una spes*" may be seen, and we learn from it that the class of '68 had one faith, one work, and one hope. Hence we judge of all from the known faith and zeal of a few.

The central link in this quarter centennial chain is the prayer motto of the class of '69. "*Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us,*" in which we all crave to unite, for "He is altogether lovely," and "we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him."

The motto of '70, "*qui transtulit sustenebit*" (he who has brought us hitherto will sustain), was burned in the fire of April 7, 1871, and after that fearful night it had a significance before unknown.

The "*quo deus vocat,*" whose scarlet letters tell the character of twenty-four burden bearers, was the voice of '71; a voice tuned into harmony with God's own, for it says "whither God calls."

"United we stand" is an old adage, and if the class of '72 are "*united in the sacred love of truth and knowledge, one another and God,*" they may do all things through Christ strengthening them.

"*Et teneo, et teneor*" (I both hold, and am held), is a delight to the Christian, when it is the Father's hand that holds; but the Class of '73 combined these expressive words with the cross in such a way as to remind us that better than clinging to Christ is his clinging to us.

The "*Semper altius*" (Always higher) of the Class of '74 reveals a purpose like David's when he said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness," and the white raiment and golden crown promised "*To him that overcometh*" is the prize to which the Class of '75 aspires.

Our centennial sisters are, no doubt, very happy as they say to each other, "*His banner over us is love,*"

and those of '77 with their "*Age quod agas*" under a guiding star, cheer each other with this motto, "Do what you can do."

The sentiment adopted in '78, "*Omnia ad Dei gloriam* (All to the glory of God), was one of consecration. Its spirit has taken one to Syria, two to Siam and engaged others in earnest work in our own land.

The Class of '79 selected "*In inclination yielding, in principle firm,*" from Mary Lyons' oft-repeated words, while the "*Seeketh not her own*" of our youngest band is embodied in Miss Peabody's favorite maxim, "None of self and all of Christ." Let us go from this place praying that we may all have a share in the blessings promised "to him that overcometh," rejoicing that "his banner over us is love," resolving to "do what we can do," doing all to the glory of God, possessing a yielding inclination, a firm principle and that charity that "seeketh not her own."

MRS. GOW'S LETTER.

A letter from Mrs. Ellen Gow was read by Miss Auretta Hoyt, Class of '58. Though married, she is still "Ellen Gow," which is fortunate, for we could never learn to use any other name than the one grown so familiar by long identification with seminary life:

MILLBURY, MASS., June 7, 1880.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—Let me still call you girls, though some of you now are wives and mothers; and as I remember that it is twenty years since I began to teach at the seminary, and nine since my labors closed there, the thought presses upon me that "the days when we were young" have passed

away. Yet I know, that if I were to meet you this June day in body as I do in spirit, we would not seem much changed, for we should so go back to the past, and live over its memories with such intense feeling, that you would forget that I am a middle aged woman, lacking only four years of my half century, and that on your faces are lines of care caused by life's joys and sorrows. When my scholars used to write the imaginary history of "our class," and picture in fancy the reunions of the future, Miss Gow always figured in the same character—the life-long teacher, "spectacles on her nose and a literature in her hand," as Allie Bartholomew once put it for the amusement of the class of '66. Well, dear girls, the spectacles are on my nose, but the text books are not in my hands. As Widow Bedot says, "You can't always calculate." You will remember I once said to some of you: "You ought never to marry unless you can not help it."

I took my own advice, and have never ceased to believe that it was sound counsel. As this is a strictly private letter, written to my own dear classes, you will permit me to be personal, and tell you my story since leaving Oxford. It was a great disappointment to me to leave the seminary, and give up my loved work of teaching. One year was spent at Dansville, N. Y., in regaining my health and strength. It was a happy and profitable year, to which I shall always look back with pleasure. The rest of my life will be better for much that I learned there. The next three years were spent at home with my mother and sisters. They were years of little active work, for I was not strong, but the duties of home life, with books and study, filled my time, and gave me preparation for the years of work that God was preparing for me. Then came a call from Wellesley College, and one year was spent in that magnificent institution. I would like to tell you much about it if time permitted. If ever you come to Massachusetts visit it, as one of the places for which every woman, who loves women, ought to be thankful. Within its walls no trammel is laid upon woman's education. In science, art and literature, her progress is only limited by her own natural ability. It is indeed a college. Four years ago, on a June

day, I closed my work at Wellesley, and the next day found me in my own house. My husband, Rev. Geo. B. Gow, was pastor of the Baptist Church in Middlebury, Mass. Two young gentlemen call me mother. The elder is studying for the ministry at the Theological Institution, Newton, Mass; the younger graduates at the Music School in Pittsfield Mass., this month, and in September will enter on his collegiate course at Brown University, Providence, R. I.

During the last four years "my hand has found to do," just as many things as I have have had time and strength to do. Church work in all its varieties, missionary work, home and foreign, and temperance work, added to my domestic cares, have made me a busy woman.

I have always felt and often expressed my gratitude for my Oxford training in several particulars; especially for the power to organize work and conduct meetings.

All my knowledge of Missionaries and mission fields, and methods of benevolent work gained at the seminary, has served me a grand purpose in my efforts to arouse interest in these great subjects among woman less highly favored than myself in this respect.

Everybody who knows me, knows Oxford. The thirteen years spent within its consecrated walls, could not but make a deep and lasting impression upon my heart.

To our beloved principal and all the other noble women who have labored with her, I owe unspeakable gratitude. I shall never meet nobler, truer women or more lovely christian ladies, than those whom I knew and loved as my teachers in my school days, and in after years as my associate teachers and pupils.

In a few weeks we go to a new home—Brattleboro, Vermont—the loveliest town I ever saw. I should love to take you from point to point and show you the charming pictures made by the Connecticut river and the mountains among which our beautiful town nestles. Mr. Gow is pastor of the First Baptist church. The church numbers over five hundred members. Our work opens before us in a way to make us very happy, and yet fills us with that solicitude that those

must feel who appreciate in any degree what the Christian ministry ought to be. So much for myself.

I wish each of you could give me your story so fully. If it is in the heart of any one of you to do so, it will give me great pleasure to hear from you personally. And now, dear girls, may I take the teacher's chair just for a few moments—for the sake of old times? Out of the many things I long to say to you, one presses upon me as of great importance. I want to urge upon you not to let yourselves become *uneducated women.*

It is possible. A brain may lose its cunning as well as a hand. Constant thought is the price of the power to think; constant study the price of the power to study. The head where thought and study are wanting, may do some very good routine work in the world, but it is not the work of the educated mind. Carry on, if you can, a systematic study all the time, a language, an art, a science, or studies in history and literature. Many interruptions will come to you for days and months; still keep your books in sight continually, and their presence will make time. Never forget the Oxford art of making time. Some of the young housekeepers and mothers smile, and say "impossible!" I know what household and childward cares are, and they will always be woman's first and noblest calling, and, because they are, I want woman to realize how much depends upon her in making a home where children may be truly educated. It is impossible for all to carry on systematic study, but we may all read some every week. Read books that make you think. At all events keep up with the times, for the history now making in the world is the most important that was ever made since history began. As Christians, we see in it the coming of the kingdom of Christ, that grand consummation to which all things else are subservient. By all means be a member of a woman's missionary society. If there is not one in your church, organize one. Take and read the missionary periodicals of your society. Become thoroughly interested and well informed in regard to the cause of missions, the greatest work of our century, and you can not become intellectually or spiritually rusty women.

Now, dear girls, do not say I have not time for such work. Love it, and you will find time for it. I am pained continually in beholding the useless work of women, brain and fingers taxed to their utmost in producing useless stitches and unnecessary cooking. Unnecessary work is always degrading to the person who does it. Society, church, state, are calling on women to come and take her birth-right, as they have never called before. And I am rejoiced at the thought that the Oxford girls are responding to the call. Not only in domestic life, but in public benevolent work and in professional life our graduates are doing work of which we may well be proud.

Good-bye, my dear girls.

Yours affectionately,

ELLEN GOW.

Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," as a piano solo was rendered by Miss Lizzie Marshall.

Miss Fannie U. Nelson, Class of '70, read

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM THE ALUMNÆ.

Searching among the papers and documents that have accumulated during these twenty-five years, and that mark in different ways the history of our seminary, we come upon the printed address delivered by Rev. Samuel Fisher, on the first anniversary day, July 17, 1856. After setting forth the character of John Calvin and John Wesley, and speaking of their influence upon education in the old world and the new, he comes to the subject of female education, and speaks as follows:

"The institution, whose first commencement we this day celebrate, stands forth unique and singular in this western world. Other institutions may excel this in the mere artistical forms of education, and others may equal it in mere literary advantages, for

neither of these constitute its great ideal. Its chief peculiarity lies in the extent to which it combines the intellectual with the practical. It guides the hand, while it polishes the manners, disciplines the affections and develops the intellect. It unites womanly thinking to womanly acting. It combines in itself *all* those forms of education which go to make an earnest, complete, intelligent, practical Christian woman. If any man wishes his daughter to be a fashionable doll, let him not send her here, we cultivate no such plants. If he wishes her to shine only in the light of artistic accomplishments let him not send her here, for these we cultivate in strict subordination to another—a higher ideal. If he seeks simply to make her a scholar, there are other institutions where this can be effected as well as here. But if he wishes to see her develop her powers in the line of a true woman's life; if he covets for her the crown of an earnest-minded woman, inspired with lofty aims, conscious of power for good and determined to see it aright; a woman whose disciplined head, and heart, and hand are all prepared for a life of ennobled Christian action in any and every field that she may properly call her own, then let him send her here. In this institution she is to be no longer a passive recipient or a partially developed flower, but part of the active forces which work for a grand end. She drops at the door of this seminary the idea that her father pays so much money, for which she is to receive so much knowledge. She enters here as herself, a vital element of this household. At once she begins to occupy the position which every true woman is to hold in after life—the

position of a power for good, for self-support, for the progress and elevation of society and domestic life. She who came here immature and almost helpless, goes forth after the prescribed curriculum, an intelligent, refined, self-trusting, earnest, well-developed lady. She is prepared to nurture and to bless a race of noble freemen. Place her where you please, her spirit will bless, her intelligence illumine, her accomplishments adorn and her active life ennoble and stimulate the whole circle within which she moves."

Such were the hopes for our seminary, of one who had watched it through the first year of its life, and who knew the purposes with which it was founded. A quarter of a century has passed by, and from the old home a letter of invitation has gone forth to each of the three hundred and eighty-one living graduates, who are scattered over the whole world, to come to the great home gathering, and tell of what the Lord has done for them and by them in these years. With yearning love the question is asked of each one: "Have you found the culture and discipline you received from your seminary life helpful in the services and sacrifices which you have had the opportunity to render? Has the anchor held in the storm? Has the shield proved sufficient for all the fiery darts of the wicked? Has any part of the armor failed in the day of battle?"

From east and west, from north and south, from beyond the mountains and over the seas, the loving responses have come, glad acceptance and sorrowful regrets when the invitation must be declined. These letters have brought much sweet testimony that the

school-day lessons have not been forgotten, that the armor has been proved and found all that was needed in the battle of life. Some of them whisper confidences too sacred to be repeated even in this family circle; they give pictures of pleasant homes, where merry children play, and eager youth press forward to ward manhood and womanhood; of busy school-rooms, of Sabbath-school work, and of dark corners afar off in the world where our missionary sisters have found their work; of weary hearts that long for comfort; of bereaved homes where the love of Jesus has made bright "the valley of the shadow."

From only a few of these can we gather extracts to-day. C. R. G., of the Class of '58, writes from her home in Missouri:

"When your invitation came I thought *nothing* would prevent my being with you in June, but I feel to-day I must write you again, telling that I fear it can not be. I am trying to bear the disappointment with courage, but oh? the longing, and the yearning and the intense desire to be once more gathered in the loving embrace of dear old Alma Mater. 'Have I found the culture and discipline helpful?' you ask. I believe, I can truly say, I have. I can trace the putting away of sorrow and unavailing grief, and taking up the daily care for others as being *better* done than if I had never received your teachings. Shall I write you something of my home life? We buried our brightest hopes four years ago in our Millie's grave. She would, if living now, have been in her eighteenth year, and doubtless one of your Senior

class, for it was our intention to have sent her to you at fifteen. Our boys are growing tall and are a blessing, indeed. For the past year I have been their main teacher. Often in my explanations to them I am reminded of the exact words and the teacher who instructed me at Oxford. I wonder which you would care most for, quiet, thoughtful Albert, or generous, fun-loving Will. Our baby Kate, six years old, is her father's firm ally, and inseparable companion. My own life flows on in a quiet channel, but not an unhappy one, and I hope it is not an altogether useless one, though I have done nothing great in the world, and no one, except a small number, will ever hear of me."

From H. B. N., of the Class of '60:

"How dim and distant seem the events of that September day in 1855, when I entered the seminary, and yet how bright a spot has it always appeared. It seems to have been the only immutable thing in all my life, the one place where there has always been an anchor that held my freighted bark of treasures, and through all the storms gave a never failing sense of joy. The very pleasant and long-continued sojourn at the seminary, at a time in life when we are most awake to impressions, the very strong attachment to the little circle of special friends, and the universal love for all the girls, has contributed to make my seminary life the one great figure in all my pleasant retrospections. I can not be alone in this feeling, for I have yet to meet the girl who has not this heart attachment for her Alma Mater, and the strength of the

personal friendships in the circle of school-girl loves has never been set aside for later friends; in truth, the perpetuity of our love has been a wonder to acquaintances who deem school-girl's love a sickly plant. In twenty years we have missed no class-letter, and in a few days the little white-winged messengers will flutter in at my door. I expect them with the first birds of spring."

One of the Class of '63, after telling of her seven-year-old daughter, who, in the midst of her second reader study, wonders if she will ever be a big girl and go to the school where mamma went, closes her letter with these words: "I have frequently heard the remark that the Oxford system gives a girl such a self-reliance and assurance that she is always mistress of the situation, whatever it is. That may express it from an outside standpoint. We who have passed through know it is only an humble asking and trusting that he who doth all things well, will give us strength when we have need of it."

S. B. H., of the Class of '65, writes from Chicago: "I have been thinking since your invitation came of those old days of imperfect, undisciplined service at the seminary, when some of us were put around among the wild girls for 'salt;' rather unsavory salt some of us were. Our service was not much better than that of the two milch kine to whom was entrusted the bearing of the ark back to Israel. They took it, 'lowing as they went;' yet they went, and 'they took the straight way to the way of Beth-shemeth,' and 'turned not aside to the right hand nor to the left.' At

the end of that way there was an altar awaiting them, upon which they were to be offered as a burnt-offering unto the Lord. So, I think, it was with many of us; we did not understand very well the missionary spirit of which we heard so much, but we did as we were told as well as we could, *lowing as we went*, but now God hath wrought out in us that spirit which our teachers longed to see, so that we 'present our bodies a living sacrifice, which is our reasonable service.' It seemed unreasonable then, but we were such clay, unmolded, unbaked."

From her invalid room at Mr. Hinkle's, where she has found a "chamber of peace," F. E., of the Class of '68, sends her words of love. "Cheerfully do I give my testimony in behalf of the seminary, for in its walls was laid the foundation of the structure which has been building all these years; though the work has been delayed sometimes, when faith and love seemed weak, and there are many flaws, still I trust the dedication was to him, who knoweth all our weaknesses, and who will strengthen the weak places, so that when life is finished and the last stone laid, he may not deem it altogether unworthy of acceptance."

Coming down to a later date, we will only take time for one more extract from a letter from A. H. T., of the Class of '78. Her husband has received a government appointment in Dakota Territory, and she will join him there later in the summer. She speaks gratefully of the rich blessings, both temporal and spiritual, with which these two years have been filled, and continues: "In his infinite goodness, God has given me a noble

Christian husband, who helps me more than I can tell in living near to God. I have not had much missionary work to do yet, but from what my husband writes of Grand Forks, I do not know but I shall have abundant opportunity in the future. Grand Forks is a comparatively new place, with a population of eighteen hundred, consisting principally of foreigners and speculating Americans. Sunday is one of the busiest days of the week with merchants and farmers, and a gala day with others. Horse-racing in the streets of the town is one of the Sabbath-day privileges. There is but one Protestant church, occupied by the Methodists and Presbyterians alternately. The Catholics seem to have the strongest foothold. We do not expect to make a permanent home there, and had it not been a subject of such earnest prayer with both of us, I might perhaps shrink from going even for a year or two. But knowing that it is 'God's own hand that leadeth me,' that he has some purpose in our going, some work perchance for us to do, I can not shrink from it in the least. On the contrary, I am impatient to go, and shall join my husband in that little village just as happily and cheerfully as I went with him to Washington City, a few short month ago."

A thrill ran through our hearts as Miss Peabody announced the next paper, to be read by Miss Mary A. Clark, of the graduating class, then under appointment as a missionary to Tabriz, Persia, and now upon her chosen field of life-work.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES.

We can not bring messages to-day from all the nearly forty that are numbered in our missionary list, but we must take time for a few of these words that have come from afar, even from the uttermost parts of the world, where we are sure that we are not forgotten to-day.

Miss Harriet N. Eastman, of the Class of '59, now of the Baptist mission at Toungoo, Burmah, writes:

"For myself, after my school days were ended, I spent eleven years as a teacher in the public schools of Illinois and Michigan. Then I returned to my Alma Mater and spent one year there as a teacher, a year for which I shall never cease to be grateful. It was there that I decided, that, the Lord permitting, I would devote the remainder of my life to foreign mission work, a decision which it took me many years to reach. It is seven years since I first set foot in Toungoo; during that time I have left the Toungoo district but twice, though I have made an annual journey on horseback in the district, to the Karen association. My time has usually been fully occupied with the school for Karen boys and girls in the city, but for the past year Miss Ambrose and myself have had the entire charge of Byhai Karen mission, including some fifty churches and nearly ten thousand members. It is a fearful responsibility, but 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' My work does not bring me into such direct contact with the heathen as I had hoped.

Those who are gathered into our school already know something of the way of life, and in my journeys into the jungles I have been *preceded* by native Christians and older missionaries. My chief work has been among young people, and those favorably disposed to christianity, endeavoring to lead them to lead lives of faith in the Son of God, and to fit them to be teachers of their own people.

Our school has been in existence for eight years. Nearly every year it has been our privilege to witness the baptism of some of our pupils. Quite a staff of teachers has already been sent out. We have had some sore trials from famine, pestilence, and once the insubordination of one of our native teachers, whom I was obliged to dismiss. The churches and native pastors are a great comfort and a great care. Numerous questions are submitted to me for decision; questions of doctrine, of discipline, of marriage and divorce, of temperance and morals. The village pastors are also the village doctors, and I am expected to keep constantly on hand a full supply of medicines both to sell and give away, especially the latter. I am also expected to be consulting physician to all these village doctors, with ability to investigate and name the most obsure diseases, and prescribe the proper remedies on the shortest notice. I try to bear these responsibilities, to which I feel so unequal, with cheerful confidence, that he who has laid them upon me will give the needed strength and wisdom. When you gather for your reunion we shall be in the midst of our rainy season. Pray for us that if it be the Lord's will we may be spared another visitation of the pestilence;

but far more that we and our native helpers may be wise in winning souls to Christ, and in training up a people for him. May our Alma Mater continue to be greatly blessed and to be a great blessing. I shall never cease to be grateful for her influence upon my own life and character. May we who have been surrounded with Christian influences from our infancy prize our birthright, and each perform faithfully her part in bringing the world to Christ."

Anna [Turner] Morgan, of the Class of '75, is connected with the Baptist mission at Kurnool, Madras. She writes May 5th: "The letter from our Alma Mater has reached me in my far away home. I am glad that so many of you will have the privilege of meeting together to talk of the happy years spent at the seminary, and of the goodness of God in caring for each one since we have been separated so far from one another. I long to be with you, but I know that many prayers will be offered up for the absent ones, and I trust that I shall receive a blessing in answer to those prayers. It was at our seminary home that I yielded my heart to Christ, and the Christian instruction and help that I received during the three years that I spent there, have been a great blessing to me. We have just entered upon what I trust will be our life work, and we find here a great field for usefulness. May our father give us strength and grace to labor faithfully for him in this dark land. We need your prayers and sympathy. We are alone at this station, Kurnool, without a knowledge of the language. Yet we are *not* alone, for God is with us, and his faithful-

ness in caring for us in the past, make us more willing to trust him for the future. Our dear little Ruth, the 'class baby,' is twenty months old, and she is much company and comfort for us. I hope she may sometime find a home at the seminary. I trust that you will have a happy reunion, and that those of us who can not be present will be favored with a report. How pleasant it is that on your return you find Miss Peabody and Miss Jessup still in their places. I hope they may be spared yet many more years."

A letter has been received, dated March 17, from Jennie Dawes Shedd, of the Class of '58, from Oroomiah, Persia. It was an acknowledgment of an offering sent by the school for the famine sufferers. Her work this winter has been largely in providing for these sufferers, and she gives a touching report of the generous self-sacrifice of the native Christians, of whom she says that, "In deep poverty they have abounded unto the riches of liberality." May this distributing of bread to the hungry, which has occupied the time of so many of our missionaries lately, open the way for the offering of the "bread of life," which can satisfy hungry souls.

We hear pleasant reports from Mrs. Sarah [Utley] Woodin, at Foochow; Miss Diament, at Kalgan, China; Mary [Hicks] Shaw, at Tung Chow; Mary Barr, alone at the head of the school at Peking; Mrs. Abbie [Burgess] Hume, of Ahmednugger, India, is reported in delicate health. Mary [Allen] Whipple, of the Class of '78, has visited us lately, and is now on her return journey to Tabriz, with her husband and

little Mildred, ready for whatever work the master has waiting for them.

Miss Mary Hartwell left us less than a year ago to join the mission at Bangkok. The Presbytery of Bellefontaine, in this State, has assumed her support, and her letters to the ladies of that society have awakened great interest. In her last letter to us she speaks of the proposed visit of the King of Siam to this country, and expresses the wish that his journey may result in benefits to the educational institutions of Siam. She says, "It is no romance to direct these people rightly, but requires patient, faithful, continual effort. One ought to know how to do almost everything in order to be a *perfect* missionary; but if there is a willingness to learn, much may be acquired on the field. The gentlemen who go to foreign countries have to build houses, run printing presses and do a hundred things that ministers never dream of, and so it is with lady missionaries, too. The people know absolutely nothing of our ways until taught."

Myra [Calhoun] Longfellow, of the Class of '76 has written many interesting things about her work among the Indians, at Fort Berthold, Dacotah Territory. Previous to her marriage she was a teacher under the appointment of the American Board. She speaks of the difficulty of mastering the language, with no interpreters and only a very imperfect dictionary; "When I tried to use a word from the dictionary my tongue either failed in the peculiar smoothness necessary, or I learned that the word used in that sense was obsolete; and this would call forth expressions of coun-

tenance that soon shook my faith in the dictionary." She was the first woman who had ever tried to learn the Gros Ventres language, which is used by some of the Indians of that region. She is not now connected with the Board, but with her husband is trying to exert a Christian influence and to assist the missionaries in various ways. Her sister, Emma [Calhoun] Hall, of the Class of '71, is still connected with the mission and doing good service.

Our three missionary girls of the Class of '78 have not failed to send their greetings.

Mary Campbell describes the home in the Laos land, which she has already learned to love: "Our home is on the left bank of the river, a neat, comfortable house, a pretty yard brightened with a few home flowers, magnolias, century plants and other tropical plants; a vegetable garden which almost supplies ourselves and the school, and a number of fruit trees. A row of trees line the bank of the river, breaking the glare, but leaving a pretty view. Work is begun on the school lot adjoining us, but when I tell you that it is nearly eight years since the foundations of the two mission houses were laid, and neither of them is finished, you will not think it strange if our new home is not finished for three or four years. The Siamese workmen are very slow, each one has to be told how to work, and constantly watched. All eyes seem to be turned with interest to our school. They think it strange that we should be willing to come here just to teach. We want, in a few years, to show them a model Laos woman, who has not only a book

education, but can weave and spin, and keep herself and her home neat and clean; but above all we want to show them what lovely true women our Christian religion will make them. The school has nearly doubled itself, now numbering twenty-five, and we hear of others from neighboring villages who are anxious to attend. We are preparing to start tomorrow on a recreation tour to the mountains. We would be a strange sight at home, no doubt, each one perched upon an elephant, with one or two following with our provisions, etc. We shall go north about sixty miles and visit a large cave, very sacred to these people. We shall pitch our tents at night; in the day fish, go on deer hunts, geological and botanical expeditions, and come home ready for earnest, hard work. Will you join us in praying that we may be able to do this work well, having the wisdom of God to guide us, and that while we are working here, and you at home, our one object may be 'All things to the glory of God!'"

Her class-mate and companion, Edna Cole, describes a Saturday evening ride on horseback. "We left home a little before sunset and went over into the city. The clean, narrow streets, with their tiny market stalls on either side, present a strange scene. These stalls hang full of bright-colored clothes and many queer things. As we rode along they were being closed, and the women in their gay dresses and scarfs were folding and packing all the things in baskets, to carry them home on their shoulders. Young men were lounging by the way, or, with conscious looks, starting to call on their young friends

Yellow-robed priests were seen on their way to some temple for their evening worship. We saw Chinamen, Burmese and Indians, each in their own peculiar style of dress, so strange and fascinating. But excelling all in beauty, is this land with its tropical vegetation, and to-night it seemed more lovely than ever, with the dark purple mountains for back-ground, and the wondrous trees all around us; the graceful bending bamboo, the feathery tamarind, the singular cocoanut, beetle and palm trees, great old trees with gnarled and subdivided trunks, dead trees covered with the richest vines, the banyan trees by the water's edge, and many, many others, all perfect in beauty. Siam is a lovely land, and there are many vacant places where workers are needed. We want them. We want *you*. Come."

Fannie Cundall, the last one of our number to join the band of foreign workers, has found her place at the Female Seminary, Tripoli, Syria. Her letters give us glimpses of Mt. Lebanon with its snowy summit, and of walks and rides through the orange gardens and along the shady lanes of Tripoli. She gives a little incident of one of these rambles which we can all appreciate: "I was sitting by the river with several of the school girls around me, when two Moslem women came and sat down by me, and commenced asking the girls questions about me, who I was, where from; then one of them remarked, 'She must be a king's daughter.' Oh! how I wished, when I was told the remark, that my tongue was loosed, and that, in their language, I might tell them of Christ Jesus,

the king of kings, and how we might all be kings' daughters, and made meet for each high honor by the blood that 'cleanseth from all sin.'"

Miss Candace Lhamon read her classmate's poem upon the class motto, which was gracefully entwined about a crescent, beneath a star.

AGE QUOD AGAS.

WRITTEN BY MISS MARY N. M'CRAE, CLASS OF '77.

> "The crescent expressive of labor unfinished,
> Of increase in all things most noble and sweet;
> The star, in its far off perfection of beauty,
> The type of that work in its fullness complete,"

Three years ago we thirteen stood together
  Happy, with thoughts of the work we had done;
Sad, as we spoke of the parting before us;
  Eager with hopes for the life just begun.
Through busy years we had journeyed together,
  Closely our life-threads were wrought in one strand;
Then we unclasped hands and parted forever,
  Each bearing with her the Lord's great command.

What have these years brought to you, O my sisters?
  Have they been bright with the gladness of life?
What do they count in the work for the master?
  What have they wrought in the world's weary strife?
What have you done in the harvests so golden?
  How many sheaves have you brought to his feet?
How many times have you tasted his manna?
  How often drank of the water so sweet?

How many promises have you found faithful?
  How many prayers has his mercy fulfilled?
How many times in the heart's weary tempest
  Has a sweet voice the wild element stilled?
Has he e'er failed you when all else seemed faithless?
  Has he refused to give ear to your cry?
Has his word proved a sure guide in the journey
  Unto the mansions he promised on high?

Look to the star of his love, O my sisters!
  Look, till the heaven above you grows thin.
Look till your faith breaks the severing curtain,
  To the bright heaven of heavens look in.
Open your eyes to the joy set before you;
  Open your hearts to the warmth of his sun;
Kindle your lamps in the rays of his glory;
  Strengthen yourselves for the race yet to run.

Let not the clouds of doubt hide the bright vision,
  Loose not the cord that has bound you to him,
Turn not your eyes from the star of the morning,
  Lest the fair gleam of your crowns should grow dim.
We can not shine if the world so beguiling,
  Hide our young crescent away from our sun,
We may not sleep else the Master at coming
  May find the work he has given undone.

Numberless times has the "still, small voice" spoken,
  Through the soft rays of the crescent above,
Bidding us "Do what we could" in his service,
  Giving assurance of heavenly love.
Chiding, sometimes, for our doubtings and fearings,
  Teaching us lessons of wisdom divine,
Saying, "Go onward, *grow upward*, grow brighter,
  Till in the Kingdom of Glory you shine."

Then let us work till the Master's appearing,
  Do with our might what our hands find to do,
"Age quod Agas" is all he requireth,
  Promising ever our strength to renew.
Then, when the stars of our lives have grown perfect,
  From the White Throne will our Lord's hand reach down,
Gather them up for his own righteous glory,
  Set them as jewels to shine in his crown.

The full cup now could but overflow in

"Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all,"

which was sung.

Rev. Dr. Kumler, president of the board of trustees, with face and voice revealing the deep emotions of this sublime hour, fittingly closed the exercises.

DR. KUMLER'S ADDRESS.

After listening to these cordial and tearful greetings, these poetic effusions, these thrilling chronicles, and these precious and tender memories of the past, and learning that much has been left out for want of time, I regret that this graceful flow of womanly eloquence should be arrested by anything that I can say. While listening to this story that began in 1855, my mind recurs to the struggles that immediately preceded that date. The days of darkness, doubt, and conflict seemed over when on this spot, twenty-five years ago, this institution was opened to receive as many of the daughters of the land as it could accommodate. That seemed a day of triumph, but like every triumph worth having—it had its *cost.* While I claim to have had no special participation in the sacrifices, struggles, tears and prayers which attended the origin of this institution, yet I was a "looker on in Venice" from the first. I was personally conversant with those who cherished the germ of this goodly tree, for years before it appeared above the ground. I was made aware in my father's house and at my pastor's study, of the prayerful anxiety that attended its unfolding. I was present on the very night, which was a sleepless one, when the assurance was reached that what had been only a project, was to be a reality.

The $5,000 subscriptions of several parties here at Oxford, some of whom are with us to-day, but some

have fallen asleep, needed only that of Mr. Gabriel Tichnor to assure success. The original projectors of the enterprise on the night just referred to, laid before Mr. Tichnor the full plan of the new Mt. Holyoke of the West. The appeal was successful, and the anxiety that drove sleep from the first half of the night, was followed by a joy that was almost as effective in chasing slumber from the other half. He who had been the soul of the movement now felt warranted in making public his audacious undertaking. Such was the high standard of scholarship prescribed for the seminary, the novel methods of its internal arrangements, and the grandeur of all its proportions, that no one would have thought of attempting their realization who was not an enthusiast. Such was the magnitude of the obstructions that continually confronted the movement, that the existence of the institution to-day is largely due to the tireless energy and indomitable purpose of the first president of its board of trustees. The recitals to which we have listened to-day are an ample vindication of the wisdom of his policy. The memory of those days twenty-five years ago suggests the sacred words, "Our fathers have labored and we have entered into their labors." When I think of the early struggles attending the enterprise, the ever-recurring obstacles that came up; the unswerving devotion of friends ready to make any sacrifice to ensure its success; when I think of the impulse it gave to the cause of female education, and to the establishment of similar institutions throughout the West; when I think of the financial straits, the fire, the pestilence and the fire again that seemed to

combine to set it back, but which under God were made only to set it forward; when I think of the hundreds and hundreds of women who have enjoyed its mental and moral culture, and have received its hallowed impress and have gone forth prepared to occupy and adorn the high position to which woman is called; when I think of the homes it has blessed with light and joy, the hundreds of teachers it has sent out in every direction to public and private schools, the multitude of home missionary fields, which it has reinforced with rare efficiency and of the forty laborers on foreign shores, which it equipped and trained for the Master's service; when I think of the divine hand which so signally guided in the selection of those who should conduct its instruction and internal government; when I think of the sacred scenes that have transpired here under the outpouring of the holy ghost, of the souls that have been born again here of the new spirit of consecration to the Master that has been imbibed here, I must say "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Those who planned, and prayed, and labored for this school have wrought more grandly than they thought. It was the Lord's doing, while we gratefully recognize the human channels through which the blessings have flowed. We can not help but trace them back to the one great fountain whence all our blessings flow. While the saying holds good in the history of this seminary, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" yet another saying is almost reversed that "One soweth and an-

other reapeth," for so rapidly has God unfolded its fruitfulness that the sower has overtaken the reaper. It is not common that great benefactors see the fruit of their labor at once. I heard one of the early donors to the seminary say before the close of its first decade, that the money he gave to it was the best investment he ever made. We are spending ten times as much money on our young men to fit them for their ministerial work, and yet I heard one of our venerable foreign missionaries give it as his deliberate judgment that the women, taken individually, were more efficient for good on the foreign field than the men. It would be hard to avoid the conclusion that the investments made in this school, which has sent out an average of about two persons per year to the foreign field, besides its hundreds to scarcely, if any, less valuable services in this country, yields the very largest dividends of all money bestowed for educational purposes.

We are all inheritors of the past. Those who have labored in any way for this school have wrought for us, and we have entered into their labors. Let us bear in mind that the recipients of such privileges are also the recipients of corresponding responsibilities. "Freely ye have received, freely give." We are the heirs of the fruitful past, and hold what we have for generations to come. Let us come into sympathy with the wise and good who have wrought for us, and let us pay over to others in grateful spirit and with interest what we have received. And as each advance makes a new advance easier, let us resolve, under God's blessing, to make the history of the

"Western" for the next twenty-five years a becoming advance upon the past. We have heard much to-day of the noble part taken by the *fathers* in the establishment of this institution, and I have been forcibly reminded of what is said to have occurred when on a certain occasion the hardships borne by the pilgrim fathers was elaborated, a woman popped up and inquired, "What of our pilgrim mothers? They had to bear all this, and the pilgrim fathers *besides*." If the true history of this school could be written, I doubt not that it would be found to be more the fruits of woman's prayers and plans and sacrifices and appeals than man's, and it would be found that most of the burdens have had to be borne by her, and the reluctant consent of the men besides. Daughters of the Western, gathered in this hallowed place, refresh your souls with the precious memories of the past; remember the noble benefactors of this school, remember the faithful band of self-denying teachers who wrought for you. When Mt. Holyoke celebrated her twenty-fifth anniversary, Mary Lyon was not with them. The king had called her home. Fail not to be thankful to-day that he who so signally guided in the selection of our principal has spared her to join with us in these festivities, over which, if it were ever right for mortal to be proud, she might well be, but who, taught of the spirit, suffers no thought of self, but only explains, "Behold, what hath God wrought."

Dr. Kumler closed his address by reading a letter from Dr. Henry A. Nelson, a former president of the board of trustees for many years.

DR. NELSON'S LETTER.

GENEVA, N. Y., April 7, 1880.

MY DEAR BROTHER KUMLER: I have lately been taking much pleasure in living over again some of the past years by reading letters of my dear wife to me, and my letters to her, during my absences from her in those years. Among the letters I fell, last evening, upon one dated "Western Female Seminary, Oxford, Ohio, July 14, 1858." That was my first visit to the "Western," and my first impressions are given in the following sentences: "The location of this institution is very beautiful; its surroundings exceedingly so. I have greatly enjoyed the exercises to-day. Naturalness and thoroughness are the characteristics which strike me as most obvious."

Probably most of the young women to whom the trustees will give diplomas at the next anniversary have been born since I wrote those sentences. They constitute the 23d class that has been graduated since that day. The building in which I wrote those sentences and witnessed those exercises has been burned, and also the building which was next erected. I believe I now happen to be writing on the ninth anniversary of that second fire. The news of it came to me in the early morning at my home on Walnut Hills. As soon as I was able to reach Oxford, with my son, we were searching for my two daughters and my niece among the hospitable homes into which our scattered flock were received. We found them at President Stanton's. In the afternoon the whole company were gathered at one of the churches to hear motherly

counsels from Miss Peabody and fatherly directions from Mr. Hinkle and other trustees, concerning their journeys home. Hardly any of the girls were dressed in any thing like "regulation" style, and some were almost grotesquely costumed in whatever garments were saved from the fire, lending to each other and piecing out each other's attire in whatever would suit sizes comfortably. I remember that my daughter had on the skirt of a dress of which another smaller girl wore the waist, the dress belonging to neither of them. Rarely have I witnessed a more affecting scene. The pathos, the solemnity, the devout gratitude for the safety of *all the precious lives*, quite saved the scene from all sense of the ludicrous, so apparent in the retrospect of that motly company. At the time, the eager, solemnized, thankful, trusting, tearful young faces, so intently looking and listening to their revered teacher's motherly, wise, Christian words of thankfulness, submission, trust, and counsel, constituted a picture than which I have none more impressive hanging in my chamber of memory.

You remember how like a phœnix the new seminary emerged from those ashes. Do you know with what generosity of some of our brethren that was accomplished? In October or November following the April conflagration we met to reopen. The energy and wise management of Messrs. Hinkle and McCord had pushed the work to that surprising result. A meeting of trustees was held on two successive days, and several of us spent the night in the seminary. In the evening Mr. Preserved Smith solicited an inter-

view with Miss Peabody and myself, in which he confided to us his intention of making the endowment which was so generously consummated last year. "In the multitude of thoughts within me," on my bed that night, there came one which developed into a conversation the next morning. Rising early, I soon found Mr. Smith, and taking his arm, we promenaded in the long passages and talked. I suggested to him that we needed to raise a few thousands of dollars to cover the recent extraordinary expenses, and so to secure the permanence of the institution in which God had put it into his heart to make so generous provision for the education of young women—especially the daughters of home missionaries. With some timidity—for I did not then know Preserved Smith as well as I do now—I asked him if he would not give at once one thousand dollars of what he was purposing to give at a future time, and let it apply on the building fund. "O, yes, I'll give a thousand now," he answered so promptly that I had no use for the arguments I had studied up, and he never found out what an eloquent plea I should have made. I then asked him if I might tell the other trustees that one of their number had made that offer in order to start the movement in that direction. As free from false modesty as from ostentation, our friend trusted the matter to my discretion. After breakfast we met in the reading-room. I was seated at one end of our table, Mr. Hinkle was at the opposite end facing me, with that grim look he has when he firmly "bottles up" his mirth. Between him and me on one side were Mr. Smith and Mr. Roots, on the other, Father Little and Mr. McCord.

I do not remember any others. It must have been the executive committee, I guess, not the board.

When I had mentioned our need and Mr. Smith's offer, Mr. Hinkle said, "Put me down for one thousand" Mr. Smith objected, declaring that, in his best judgment, Mr. Hinkle's indefatigable and wise services in overseeing the building had saved us some thousands of dollars in the cost and in the excellence of the building. Mr. Smith had previously expressed the same opinion privately to me, and said that it would be quite just for Mr. Hinkle to present a bill for those services, and that we ought without hesitation, to allow it. He now objected to Mr. Hinkle adding a cash gift of $1,000. You ought to have seen how little effect on Mr. Hinkle the objection had. If anybody had been trying to get $1,000 out of him unjustly, he could not have looked more gruff or determined, or "set in his way." When Mr. Smith saw his persistence he immediately doubled his own subscription, making it $2,000.

"I have no money of my own," modestly spoke Father Little, "but a good many Christian people in Indiana are apt to give for whatever I ask them to—I will undertake to raise $500." He did it, and paid it in promptly. "Put me down for $1,000," chimed in Brother Roots, keeping the key-note like a good singer.

Then spoke Mr. McCord: "Brethren, you all know that I am not able to make such high figures as some of you, but I want some of this stock. I will give $100." To this Mr. Hinkle objected as earnestly as Mr. Smith had done to his offer, and on the same

grounds, assuring us that Mr. McCord had been with him in all the care and work of rebuilding, and that none of us knew so well as he, how valuable Mr. McCord's services had been. Knowing Mr. McCord's financial circumstances, he did not think that he ought to give $100. But Bro. Hinkle's obstinacy in giving $1,000 against all remonstrance, had quite disqualified him to prevent others from giving.

I refer you to the treasurer's books to verify these statements, and to supplement them with any facts which my memory does not recall. But I tell you, Brother Kumler, the picture of that group of trustees hangs in my memory's chamber over against the picture of the group of girls made in the preceding April. I think it a goodly picture. You now preside over the body to which those men belonged. I hope that all except Mr. McCord will be with you at the twenty-fifth anniversary. And I believe that Brother McCord has a copy of that picture, and will look on it with pleasure where he now is; for do we not read of the blessed dead, who die in the Lord, that "their works do follow them?" Are not such investments treasures laid up in heaven?

If I should give my pen full liberty to continue my reminiscences, it would consume far too much of the time which I know will be so fully occupied on that great day in June. Let me revert to my first impression of the instruction at the Western. The six years of my connection with its board of trustees, my many visits there, my experience of its system of education in my four daughters, and in other dear girls hardly *less* dear to me than daughters.

All these have confirmed my first impression of "*naturalness and thoroughness*" as the most obvious characteristic of the education given at the "Western." I must again restrain my pen from the amplification and illustration of this thought to which it would rush. I will only say that in my deliberate judgment that remark is truly applicable to the intellectual, the domestic and the spiritual training which is there given. It only needs a few Preserved Smiths and and Philip Hinkles and Gabriel Tichenors, with their large endowments, and "the mighty accumulation of littles" which may come from the host of alumnæ scattered all over the wide land—yes, over "the wide, wide world"—and from the "noble army" of men who are their husbands and sons, it only needs such endowment to assure all coming generations of ever increasing beneficent influence from that sacred institution.

He, who has so signally commanded the fire to purify and not consume, who has so constantly delived from straits and perils, who has sent blessing, from our dear Western, to so many homes and schools and churches and missions; and whose holy spirit has so sweetly dwelt there, lo! these twenty and five years; surely he is cheerfully to be trusted with its future. I can not much fear that he will let the people of Ohio and Indiana fail to understand what a fountain it is that he has opened upon their borders, and what honor and privilege he grants to them in providing conduits through which its sweet and healing waters may flow to all their homes and far beyond their utmost boundaries.

It is with a keen sense of personal loss that I recognize the impracticability of my being personally present at the reunion. Assure all who will be there of my cordial fellowship with them in all joys and hopes and prayers of the auspicious occasion.

HENRY A. NELSON.

Dr. Kumler then pronounced the benediction, and for a moment a hush of intense feeling held the company. In one day had been lived years, and wrought over again those life experiences which had burned deepest into the soul in living them. We never knew before how much our lives meant; how entirely the seminary training had molded and directed them, the unity of the great plan to which each life had been chiseled into perfect adjustment, making sublime history all these years without our knowing it. We catch now, a faint glimmering of what it will be in one last great day, to see unfolded God's greater plan, and to behold the lives of all his children gathered into one unbroken bundle of life.

At half-past seven Miss Peabody invited the Alumnæ and school to an old-time "recess meeting" in the hall. If words have been inadequate up to this point, how shall they serve us here? It was as though all the divine soul discipline in each life had been gathered to a focus in one sacred moment, and all these concentrated in this hour.

Miss Peabody gave out the hymn:

"Blest be the tie that binds."

At its close she remarked that the tie about which

we had been singing was the holy spirit which binds together the "household of faith," the "household of our Lord, Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth are named," a tie stronger than that of kindred. "Part of our host have crossed the flood" and joined the "family in heaven" while we remain "on earth." She continued in words which went to every heart. All consciousness faded into dim distance, except that of children gathered once more about the dear mother's feet as so often before, and with her around the master's feet. She asked each to repeat a text, a promise, or give a heart experience as her feelings might prompt.

There was no waiting, for every heart was full, and one after another precious promises and deep soul experiences were poured out, until Miss Peabody's questions in the letter of invitation had been fully answered. The anchor and the shield and the armor had been sufficient. Amid the fiercest conflicts had been heard the master's whisper, "Peace, be still." One, for whom many prayers had been offered while at the seminary, but who had gone out without the anchor, arose, and with voice tremulous with emotion, yet firm with faith and resolve, said she wished to thank her teachers and classmates for their persevering faith and prayers; and then she told of the anchor found and tested since she had left. Thus an hour passed all too quickly.

The remainder of the evening was spent socially, enlivened by music rendered by the young ladies, and several spirited recitations by Miss Maggie Ronan, one of the pupils.

Several Oxford friends came in, and old acquaintance with them was very pleasantly renewed.

And so this day of days was ended. Regretfully we realized this, and full of thankfulness for what we had enjoyed, we resolved to put it on record as nearly complete as possible, that we might live it over again, that absent ones might enjoy it too, and that it might be preserved to those who shall come after.

ANNIVERSARY DAY.

This day, which for twenty-five years had sent out its freightage of young womanhood trained, cultured and consecrated, opened amid associations more tender and inspiring than any former anniversary day.

The nineteen young sisters who came to the altar to receive Alma Mater's crown, commission and blessing, stood the center of many loving, admiring, elder sisterly eyes.

With pride we waited to welcome them to Alumnæ ranks, rejoicing in the evidence that each successive class receives a fuller inheritance in the quality of its culture and training. The passing years leave the seminary more and more richly endowed with clustering associations, ripe experience, broader advantages and the upholding of warm, loving, prayerful hearts. And then our thoughts turned anew, with fonder love and higher hopes, to the young sisters, undergraduates, who had devoted themselves so self forgetfully to our entertainment and happiness at this reunion. Heart breathings went up that they, and all who are to follow, may increasingly honor their Alma Mater, and glorify God in the home, the church and the world.

At half-past nine o'clock the household, with many other friends and visitors, assembled in the hall for the graduating exercises and anniversary address.

GRADUATING CLASS.

Luella Adams	McCoy's, Ind.
Florence Amick	Scipio, Ind.
Cora Evans Bell	Hillsboro.
Haddie G. Borton	Plymouth, Ind.
Lovetta Brice	Greenfield.
Mary Amanda Clarke	Baxter Springs, Kan.
Martha Ellen Fain	Jonesboro, E. Tenn.
Anna Gernand	Rossville, Ill.
Caroline Goodenow	Roseville, Ill.
Kate Hutchinson	New Albany, Ind.
Lillie Elma Kendall	Richmond, Ind.
Catharine Lawson	Greenup, Ky.
Lizzie McCord	Oxford.
Kate G. Scott	Adams' Mills.
Kate Storey	Vernon, Ind.
Rebecca R. Swift	Pleasant Ridge.
I. Katharine Timberman	Hamilton.
Henrietta Van Hook	Highland, Kan.
Clara Vawter	Franklin, Ind.

The exercises opened with prayer by Rev. A. B. Brice, of Greenfield, Ohio, after which the following interesting programme was listened to:

OVERTURE—Oberon—Three pianos, six young ladies.....*Weber*
CHORUS—Where are the Angels?.....*Hatton*
ESSAY—Chronos.....*Florence Amick*
(Read by Kate Storey.)

ESSAY—Wanted.....*Kate Scott*
(Read by Lovetta Brice.)

GRAND CONCERTO—G Minor (accompanied by second piano)—Adante—Molto allegro vivace.....*Mendelsschn*

SONG—Storm and Sunshine.....*Dudley Buck*
ESSAY—Shakespeare's Religion.....*Anna Gernand*
(Read by Rebecca Swift.)

QUARTETTE—Pastoral Symphonie No. 6—Adante molto moto—By the Brook.....*Beethoven*

ESSAY—Thereby Hangs a Tale.....*Ella Adams*
(Read by Kate Timberman.)

ESSAY—Each Man's Chimney is his Milestone....*Lizzie McCord*
(Read by Nettie Van Hook.)

SONG—Oh, my Fernando!.....*Donizetti*
ESSAY—Music of our Lives.....*Cora Bell*
(Read by Nellie Fain.)

PIANO SOLO—March from Tanhauser.....*Lizt*
CHORUS—Hark, to the Rolling Drum!.....*H. R. Bishop*

The annual address followed, delivered by Rev. Addison Ballard, D. D., of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., a brother of Mrs. Lizzie [Ballard] Walker, whose lovely life and touching death form one of the beautiful mosaics of our history.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

THE LORDSHIP OF LOVE.

BY REV. ADDISON BALLARD, D. D.

We are born radicals. We like to go to the root of things; to get, if we can, at the one central germ from which all grows and is built up. Only the most immature minds are satisfied with mere results. It is enough for the little *Budges* to see the "wheels go 'wound," but your grown boy or girl wants to see the watch taken apart, and to be shown separately every jewel, pinion, wheel and screw. We have a painfully confused feeling at seeing a cotton mill or a power printing press in operation, until we understand how the machinery goes together and the principle on which it works. And the shortest and surest way of understanding what at first seems only a tangle is to see the machine in its simplest form. Ungear your steam engine; look at it uncombined with other machinery; take away everything that can be spared; keep only what is indispensable; you then have an instrument of few parts, whose make and manner of working even a child can understand.

A great literary institution is, at first sight, a complicated affair. On visiting such an institution you are shown through a multitude of places—halls, dormitories, chapels, cabinets, museums, libraries, laboratories, gymnasiums, recitation and lecture rooms. You are taken to see great old books in dead old

tongues and parchment covers, meteorites and fossils, skeletons and manikins, magnetic coils and electric wheels, transits and theodolites, microscopes and telescopes, gasometers and blow-pipes. The vast and complex array confounds you; you are overwhelmed by the magnitude and variety of the things to be learned; it is a mystery to you how any man can spool the threads from so many skeins of knowledge and weave them into a consistent web; you have a suffering sense of your ignorance and a colossal idea of the learning which must be represented by a university diploma. But pierce to the middle, strip the institution of these material helps which it has taken centuries, perhaps, to bring together, go back to the rude beginnings and you find what is almost too simple for merely external description. The Emperor Charlemagne, on being told that two men, meanly clad, were crying at a street corner, "We have learning to sell," is said to have ordered the two men into his presence, and to have asked what he could do for them, and on their replying, "Sire, give us food, clothing and scholars," to have taken under his patronage the two teachers, one of whom afterward became the founder of the University of Pavia.

Scholars and teachers are the two essentials of every educational institution. Study and helps to study embrace it all. Two of the most famous schools of their own or of any time, the academy and the lyceum, had this embryo simplicity. Plato and Aristotle walked with their pupils in groves and gardens, or sat with them in the porches of villas. This one living germ draws to it in due time buildings, libraries, apparatus,

every needful appurtenance. A mind in love with and earnestly seeking knowledge is at once an epitome and a prophecy of the academy, the college, the seminary, the university.

The possession of a power is itself a pledge that a field will be given for its exercise; capacity for growth a pledge that the means of growth will be supplied. Otherwise, the power and the capacity would be but inconclusive and mocking fragments—the foundation of a tower which could not be finished. God does not do things after that fashion. Steam-power proves the existence of fuel without which the steam could not be generated. The tinkling lid of the boiling tea-kettle finds its echo in the click of the coal-miner's pick. God does nothing by halves. The fourth day's work of creation was the logical sequence to that of the third. The making of grass, herbs and trees made it sure that the sun would follow. The nobler end shall not fail for lack of the less noble means. "Is not the life more than meat?" The sun-flower is more than the sun. The solar system might be studied in the violet. The acorn is a vest-pocket edition of Copernicus in brown binding and tucked cover. A kernel of corn is a short proposition, but it has five or six long corollaries, the month of May being the first. The coming spring finds all growing things in a posture of eager expectation. Under the sward of meadows wakened lilies are impatient to lay off the night-dress of their homly bulbs and to put on that unwoven beauty in the like of which even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed. The peach has set its germs and the apple is in blossom. The smil-

ing procession of the flowers, with the arbutus at its head, has begun to move. The ivy, now scarce able in the breeze to hold with its tiny fingers to the base of the tower, hides an ambitious secret in its breast, and trusts yet to pin a streamer on the very point of the pinnacle. The hillside laurel has planned to cover, with a dense foliage, the ruin and sides of its granite vase. The beach is resolved to widen his green shelves, the oak to stretch a cubit further his wide-spread arms, and the cedar to mount upward to the full stature of the forest king.

Here on the one hand are manifold life and capacity for growth. On the other is the sun, God's great provision for the quickening of this life and the perfecting of this growth. And these two are corresponding parts of one great scheme, joined together in divine, indissoluble wedlock.

Nor is this scheme of divine beneficence to be trifled or interfered with. What God has joined together, let no disgusts or jealousies of the upper air put assunder. Let the life-giving rays be unimpeded in their descent. Let them be free to all the vegetable tribes; to the lowly as well as to the lofty; to the plain as well as to the beautiful; to the frail as well as to the stalwart. Let each take from sun, soil, rain and dew what is needful to its fullest growth, its highest life. Let cloud and fog monopolies be broken up. Let upstart vapors be dispelled. Let the sovereignty be maintained, established by God in the beginning, when he appointed the "greater light" to "rule" as well as irradiate the day, and the "lesser light" to "rule" as well as illuminate the night.

With greater emphasis is each desire and capability in man a sure pledge of provision and opportunity.

The universe is but a store-house for his needs. And the universe should be open so that God's capacities in all men and in all women may have freest access to God's opportunities. Ingersoll is so far right when he says that "God does not give us brains and then punish us for using them." Restrictions and limitations are for criminals. The receding lake mocks the thirst of Tantalus; but Tantalus is a criminal. Who knows but he might have been also an "idiot!" A king who, to save himself trouble, should depopulate his kingdom, would perhaps be monarch of all he surveyed, but then he would not have much to survey. That father would not use language correctly who should say, "I govern my children admirably; I have killed one-half of them and the other half I keep locked up day and night in the cellar." Instead of governing admirably, he would have demonstrated his utter incapacity to govern at all.

The attempt to crush out or to starve any of the mind's native capabilities or desires, in like manner argues either fraud, imbecility or oppression. The monastery and the convent, in the most charitable view, are monuments of weakness. The St. Antonies, St. Simons and St. Benedicts, Abbotts and Lady Superiors, are princes self-discrowned. They make an "open, unconditional rupture" with desires and capabilities in themselves innocent, and sacrifice freedom and dominion to an "energetic, but mistaken, idea of self-control."

Let us make a clean riddance of that tyranny,

whether of ecclesiasticism, custom, prejudice or law, which cuts off any power of any man or of any woman on its way to provision; any capacity of man or woman on its way to opportunity, which intercepts the poor on their way to wealth, the ignorant on their way to knowledge, the erring on their way to truth.

It is a great point already gained, the taking away of so many barriers and the opening to all of so many avenues to growth, culture, discipline and usefulness, and especially for woman. Mrs. Montague, as quoted by Mrs. Fawcett in *Good Words*, wrote in 1773 about the education of her eldest niece: "I am glad you are going to send my eldest niece to a boarding school. I believe all boarding schools are much on the same plan, so that you may place the young lady wherever there is a good air and a good dancing master." Another favorite theory was that a woman was good mainly to work button holes and slipper patterns. "Between those old ideas of feebleness, prettiness and dependence and the perfect woman of this era, endowed with endurance, foresight, strength and skill, there is a tremendous chasm." But what the real capacity of woman is, can be known, as Mrs. Fawcett says, only after longer experience. "The notions that all men are logical and all women emotional; that women are much quicker at coming at a conclusion, but can not tell how they arrived at it, are in process of giving way and have completely given way in those who at Girton College and Newnham Hall (the woman's colleges at Cambridge, England,) have had opportunity of comparing the powers of the young

women who are students there, with the powers of the graduates of the university. These gentlemen have found that the young women differ intellectually from the young men less than had been supposed and in a different direction. The logical faculty of the young women is much greater, their power of so-called intuitive perception is much less than had been anticipated. Some years, however, must elapse before a really fair comparison can be made between the intellectual capacity of men and women."

II. But what shall we do with our education now that we have gotten it? or rather, what shall we do with our educated selves? If the king sends you seeds of beautiful and rare flowers, you know what he expects you to do with the seeds. He expects you to grow the flowers. But he also expects that you will do something with the flowers after they are grown; that you will place them where their beauty and fragrance can be enjoyed. A ship-owner does not leave a strong and beautiful ship to rot upon the stocks, nor does he tow it into a dry dock, content to hang on its side a certificate that the ship is built after the most scientific pattern, and has been examined and approved by a competent inspector. He builds it for sailing. He launches it and sails it on waters where it can sail best and be of most service; whether it be lake, river, sound or ocean; whether to coast along our own shores, or whether it be a *morning star* to bear glad messages to far-off islands of the sea.

Here, however, perhaps I ought to relieve you at once, if the thought has crossed the minds of any, that you are now to hear rediscussed the already over-

discussed question of womans' rights and womans' spheres. In the first place, I would not by so doing, give you a chance to say what Pompey said to the storekeeper of whom he was trying to buy some gunpowder. Prying curiously at the grains as he rubbed them in the palms of his hands, "'Pears to me," said Pompey, "'Pears to me, sah, dis powdah bin used befo'!" But, in the second place, I have the conviction that women can be trusted about as safely as men, to decide for themselves what spheres they can fill and what avocations it is suitable for them to follow. I do not think they are likely to make any worse mistakes, at any rate, than men, many of whom choose spheres and follow avocations not altogether creditable to their instincts nor honorable to their manhood. The safe way for a true woman as, for a true man, is, if she finds anything she herself thinks it proper to do and thinks herself qualified to do, *to do it.*

A woman may seem to be out of her sphere for a time, simply because it is a time of transition in public sentiment. But this may be only to find her element at a higher stage, just as the boats on one of the great water-ways of New Jersey are seen for a brief interval riding on an inclined plane through the air, only to take the water again at a higher level.

The vital question is one reaching far beyond mere details and incidents of spheres and occupations, and that is, what principal shall actuate us, whatever the sphere or employment may be? The incidents of an ocean voyage may be infinitely varied. The question is, Is the ship headed to the right port, and are we keeping her steadily to her course? Newman Hall

says that in his return voyage to England, a bevy of birds accompanied the ship; that they made frequent and sometimes wide excursions to one side and the other of the ships course, but that they always returned and alighted on the vessels' masts or yards and so completed the voyage with the ship. What is the one high, controling purpose which we may continually come back to from our daily bread-winning, æsthetic, scientific or literary excursions? a purpose which gives us dominion and a certain independence over all these busy flights, which survives them all; an aim and a purpose which finds its most glad and glorious accomplishment when the port is gained, and the wings are peacefully folded with the folded sails?

Were there no such high and worthy aim, life would have neither joy, dignity, encouragement nor explanation. Because there *is* such an aim and end, life is blessedly, gloriously "worth living." Natural endowments may differ; there may be all degrees of mental growth, culture and discipline; spheres and occupations may differ, all never so widely; yet *all* may choose, follow and attain the same unifying, organizing, all-dominating, exalted and worthy end.

This we can do by virtue of our being endowed with moral affections, and by these I mean, generically the power we have of devoting our whole selves in whatever direction we wish—to whatsoever pursuit or person. The fundamental idea in the affections is choice, and choice in its very nature is free. This power belongs to man only. The rose is pre-determined to be a rose, and the thistle a thistle. Brutes are disposed of by the very limitations of their brute

nature. The bee does not devote *itself* to honey-making, the fish-hawk to diving, nor the beaver to dam-building. Nor does the ox devote himself to plowing, nor the reindeer to sledge-drawing, nor the camel to burden-bearing and desert-sailing. They are devoted to these things by man, their master.

In other words, man only has the power, as Hickok says, to *behave* himself; that is, to *have* or *hold* himself to a course of his own choosing. Brutes are held *to* their respective courses. Man holds himself. "Thou hast put all things under his feet. Thou hast given *him* dominion."

III. Where shall this dominion be found? Not in the realm of mere growth or culture. For the scepter we seek must be a scepter that can not be broken nor snatched away from us. But that may seem to be free and to have dominion which is free and has dominion only for a certain time and place. Make your prison limits as wide as you please—it is a prison still. Sisyphus dominates the stone to the top of the hill, then the stone in its turn dominates him; it breaks away and rolls to the bottom. A ship caught in the outer circles of the maëlstrom has the freedom of that water, but it is for all that a captive. The helm may seem to control, but the mightier eddy controls the helm and swings the ship round and round irresistably towards the devouring center. So growth reaches its maturity and then declines. It finds itself, ere long, in the grip of a remorseless vortex. The violet is free to bloom and the pine to soar. But both yield their dominion at length to overmastering decay. No plant or tree is perennial; none

lives through all years. The body grows freely, but soon finds itself in fetters. Plato and Garzo (the father of Petrarch) die on their respective birthdays, each in the same bed in which he was born. In four single-line pictures, Holmes gives us the entire career of America's greatest orator and statesman :

> A home amid the mountain pines;
> A cloister by the hill-girt plain;
> The front of life's embattled lines;
> A mound beside the heaving main.

The circle is complete. We end as we begin—with dust.

But can not science give us the lordship we seek? Vast as are the realms she traverses, even science owns itself a slave to a like inexorable monotony. For what is science but the finding of some law under which isolated facts may be grouped? But when we have found the law we are done. What are all the paths of science but circuits? Mercury revolves about the sun in eighty-seven days; Herschel in eighty-four years. Their orbits are but inner and outer walls of the same prison. "The chain of truths which constitute the laws of the planetary system was *completed* forever when Newton discovered the identity of gravity with the force which carries the heavenly bodies in their orbits." That is the end. We may go over the same ground, may re-survey the same road now that the great explorers have staked it out; we may apply the formulas and verify the calculations, but we can go no further. The science of astronomy is a circular railway, and go forever, you go and come by the self-same route and by the self-same

time tables which Kepler and Newton surveyed and recorded.

Governments dispatch costly expeditions to remote islands and continents to observe transits and eclipses, because the astronomer knows just what to depend on—just that and nothing more. He can predict without being a prophet. Le Verrier announces a new planet and predicts its appearance in a certain quarter of the heavens at a given time. He is like the deer-stalker. Knowing the radius of the curve which the running stag is taking through the forest, the deer-stalker can tell pretty accurately what time the stag will pass a given point. So, Le Verrier, that mighty Nimrod of the heavens, having computed what course *his* unseen but suspected game must be taking through his safe and secret far-off ranges of the sky, flings his nimble lasso at a venture three hundred millions of miles into those vast outer depths of space; and there his friend Galle, who is watching the throw with his spy-glass at Berlin, sees the flying fugitive and sees how barely he escapes being ringed by the falling noose.

But between all that we find in science and the moral affections there is this immense difference, that whereas, in science we know just what to count upon beforehand; in the realm of the affections we have no such limitation. Let a man in the exercise of free choice give himself to any pursuit or to any person, and there is no telling at all beforehand what and how much that man, and especially that woman, will do.

There is no telling what Jonathan will do now that

he has given himself to David so that he loves him "as his own soul." David can count with almost scientific accuracy on the flight of a projectile and on the result when that projectile impinges on the forehead of a boastful Philistine. To his practiced eye and arm there is nothing surprising, nothing wonderful in that. But the love of Jonathan, that love which, overmastering energy and ambition, helps David to the throne of which Jonathan is himself the rightful heir; the love which makes Jonathan happy to say, "Thou shalt be King and I shall be next unto thee"—*that* is to David an unceasing marvel: "Thy love to me is wonderful, passing the love of women."

Souls do not blend according to any law of equivalents or multiple proportions. We have in chemistry not only prot-oxides and dent-oxides, but *per*-oxides, compounds containing oxygen in its largest measure of combination. But who has yet found the limit beyond which the love of a wife will not go for her husband, or of a mother for her child, or of a father for even his erring boy? The prodigal, on his way home, can rely perfectly on the old routine of seed-time and harvest bringing bread in its season to even the servants of his father's house. But oh! he could not count beforehand on that father running out to meet him while yet a great way off; the embrace, the kiss, the robe and ring, the shoes and the fatted calf.

A man gives himself to his country. You cannot calculate on him after that. Neither drillmaster nor paymaster can help you in your calculations. The cleverist scientist could not have written up Thermo-

pylæ, Tempach, Bunker Hill, nor Valley Forge, in advance.

A young midshipman once felt impressed that he should never rise in his profession. "My mind," he said, "was staggered with a view of the difficulties which I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. If at a moment I felt the emulation of ambition, I shrunk back as having no means in my power of reaching the object of my wishes. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within my breast and presented my king and country as my patrons. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero, and confiding in Providence I will brave every danger.' From that hour his despondency was changed to hope and a radiant orb was suspended before his mind's eye," which urged him on to renown and which has made the name of NELSON immortal.

We talk of the liberal professions. But thorough self-devotion makes any avocation liberal. *It is not the profession that is liberal, but the man.* The physician, lawyer, minister, or teacher, may be the veriest drudge, going through the round of his professional tasks as mechanically as the mule in any other mill. And, on the other hand, the farmer at his plow, the mechanic at his bench, the merchant at his counter, the banker at his desk, may be raised high above the busy monotonies of their respective callings, for their thoughts may be all the while on those for whom they thus freely toil and plan—home and school and church and town and state and country—to help on,

if by ever so little, whatever in the world is good and pure and true.

It matters not what the circumstances are. "Circumstances," Mrs. Whitney pithily says, "are the things which a man is to make 'stand around'!" Elihu Burritt was far enough from being a slave to circumstances during those busy years when most of his steps were taken between the forge and the anvil; or Hugh Miller when quarrying the Cromarty sand-stone; or Burns when turning up with his plow field-mice and daisies; or Daniel Safford when carrying iron bars from the store to the shop on his shoulder; or Abraham Lincoln when sharing with his mother the hardships of a backwoods life; or Gen. James A. Garfield, when pacing the deck of a canal-boat, or presiding over the destinies of a village school.

IV. It is a high and grand prerogative we use when we thus give ourselves to any person or pursuit with all the fervor and energy of our nature. But we must mount one step higher. It is true we are to choose our own way. As every man has a memory of his own, an imagination and a reason of his own, so every man (as well as every woman) is to have a will of his own, a mind of his own and a way of his own. But then it makes all the difference in this world and the next, what kind of a will, what kind of a mind, what kind of a way it is. I said that Ingersoll was right when he said that "God does not give us brains and then condemn us for using them." Not for using them certainly, but for using them wrongly. The shallow sophistry of this poor blasphemer would make us believe that freedom to think, talk, feel and

act, is freedom to think, feel, talk and act only wrongly and wickedly. God does not punish us for using the eyes which he has given us. But will Ingersoll, therefore, stare with *his* eyes at the blazing mid-day sun? A stumbling groper he would soon excite only the pity of passers-by; and if a multitude, taking foolish license from his words, should in like manner abuse and lose their eye-sight, then the blind would lead the blind, and both would fall into the ditch! There are false ways of thinking, feeling and doing, and there are right ways. And of those which are right and good, there is a highest and best. And if we would have a true and lasting, an unrestrained and an immovable dominion, we must see to it that the *crown be upon the right head.* We shall be subject to its annoying and ceaseless protests, if we discrown what God has made regal. And the true, lasting, unrestricted lordship is *the lordship of love.* This a scientific analysis of our minds itself gives, as has been so admirably shown by Dr. Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, in those two master-pieces of analytic acumen and power, his "Outline Study of Man," and his "Law of Love and Love as a Law."

You, young ladies of the graduating class, have chosen for your class motto, "Seeketh Not Her Own." In this motto is contained the true philosophy of honor and of dominion, and, therefore, the true philosophy of life. But we have more than a philosophy. We have an example. This beautiful motto found its perfect embodiment in him who "went about doing good," who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and whose death was an act of loving sacri-

fice in behalf of others. For this he has superlative honor, "a name which is above every name. For this he has superlative dominion, for "to him every knee shall bow." For this each recorded incident of his life and of his death is, and ever will be, most sacredly cherished. We celebrate his nativity although we know not the date of his birth. We ransack history, sift traditions, hunt for manuscripts, interrogate coins and medals, decipher hieroglyphics, study the significance of types, pry into the meaning of prophecy, inquire into the structure of parables, unfold the history and laws of language, discuss the true principles of interpretation; we set our feet on every rood of the holy and adjacent lands—all, that we may find what may throw some new light on the life and mission of Jesus. Never has a man lived concerning whose whole life and person the world feels so deep and abiding an interest; never the man touching whose dress, manner, voice and face the world would so eagerly welcome any authentic addition to its present knowledge.

And the like felicity of fond, unyielding recollection belongs in its measure to all those who drink deeply of this same actively-benevolent spirit. The names of Paul, Oberlin, Gordon Hall, Samuel J. Mills, Henry Martyn, Harriet Newell and Mary Lyon the world will not let die. The story of their lives will enkindle love, stir compassion for the ignorant and erring, and animate holy resolve to bless and save men, until the Millenium. Not their great powers of mind; not their learning, scholarship nor culture, but what they did in loving self-denial for the

good of others, will make their names precious, and their dominion sure through all time.

And as in individual lives, this lordship of love is the unifying, organizing power, also, in history. Looked at from the outside, history is a tale of revolutions only; the birth, growth and death of governments, institutions, nationalities and civilizations; arts lost and recovered, knowledge flourishing and declining—Layard and Schleimann exhuming monuments of skill, gazed at in stupid wonder by the descendants of those who wrought them—one religion displaced by another to be itself supplanted in turn, the sight of Solomon's temple crowned anon by the Mosque of Omar; the once Christian church of St. Sophia surmounted for centuries by the Moslem crescent but likely itself at no distant day to be replaced by the once more victorious cross—and so night chasing day and day chasing night around the world and get the globe never all irradiated at once; and yet out of all these revolutions is the gradual but sure evolution of that kingdom of love which can not be moved, and which is without end.

This is a supremacy that was beyond the wisdom of the old civilizations. "The Roman world," says Pressens, "was sick, not only from the shocks it had received, but from a profound disgust of all things. Their malady was weariness of ordinary life. Satiated with all they had seen or possessed, they asked with scorn, 'Is it always to be the same?' In search of novelty they tortured nature, but could not escape monotony, and ended by plunging into the mire. Seeking the infinite in the finite, in the life of the

senses, it grasped after the impossible in real things; or extravagant refinement and false grandeur, blended with eccentricity in pleasure as in pomp."

Our own civilization is higher and enduring more only because of its deeper and more enduring basis, the *revealed word of God*—the noblest regenerator of character, the true and only hope of the world. Nothing can be conceived more utterly senseless than the clamor of those "self-sufficient, all-sufficient, insufficient" men who prate about the Bible as an antiquated book, entirely "behind the times." Will these jeering praters tell us where we shall look for "the times" that are, as yet, quite up to the Bible; up to its standard of purity, uprightness and fidelity in all private and public life? Is it in New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or San Francisco? What is needed, rather, is that we go from these lofty heights of inspiration down into the greeds and dishonesties, the ambitions and resentments, the envies and cruelties, the sorrow and unrest of the "times," and bring the "times" up to the love, purity, peace and joy of the Bible.

The gathering of so many of your Alumnæ to take part in the exercises of this anniversary is another beautiful illustration of my theme, of the Lordship of Love. Year by year, for a quarter of a century, this has been a place for out-going vessels, parting with smiles and tears, each taking its separate course with fears and hopes to try the fortunes of the deep.

But all at once the changing light on these far-off, scattered sails, shows that the prows are turning. And now the ships are seen sailing back over their

outward-bound courses in lines converging to their one point of departure; and now they rejoin in the harbor, making this a fleet day, a day of mutual congratulation and benediction.

And this is no forced yielding to a stern, unwelcome summons. It is a glad, bounding response. You have come with no laggard step, because drawn by love. Love is the golden wand which has reversed so many steps and turned back hearts where the steps can not follow—the love which lightened all that may have been dry or hard in school tasks, the radiant gem which will continue to shine in undimmed brightness when the casket which enshrines it shall have perished forever.

At the close of Dr. Ballard's address, Dr. Kumler presented the diplomas in the following

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS:

Young ladies of the Senior class: Having completed the allotted course of study in this institution, you are now to receive at her hands the testimonials of your past diligence and present attainments. She has sought to prepare you for acting efficiently your part in life. Her aim has been to put you in possession of *personal power*—power for good. Of course the right tenure of all beneficent power is *use*. What advantageth it to be strong but inactive? Who before God can answer for the possession of faculties and influence never exerted for God's glory or man's welfare? If this seminary has been instrumental in clothing you in any degree with new power it has at the

same time imparted new responsibilities. It is quite natural therefore, as you step forth into active life that you should inquire: How may I lay out my strength for the good of the age and the honor of Christ? It is this question, doubtless, that has led you wisely to adopt as your class motto, "Seeketh not her own." The soul that would wield the greatest personal power for good, must act out this very motto. The mind must go over from self to love. Selfishness can not attain the highest power. When the aim and labor terminate upon self, the hands are weak to grasp and bless the age. Moral power seeketh not her own. Whoever would take the deepest hold upon the age must work by this. The soul that has no wider range for its solicitude than that bounded by the horizon of self-interest, ha s never come into the scope of a true life, and what is more, it shall utterly fail of that for which it is so concerned. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it." The way to save life is to give it up for Christ and his gospel. Your class motto is at once the key to the greatest personal power and surest success. Always the deeds which most command our admiration, are those of unselfish devotion to the good of others. They who take forethought for those who do not or can not take forethought for themselves, are the *moral heroes.* Follow your motto, and failure is out of the question. You will never complain of the want of a suitable sphere. You will find it in your *homes,* your neighborhoods; everywhere you will find those who will challenge your sympathy and care. This moral power is a restless energy of love. Show it a good to

be done and that is constraint enough for its activity. It will stoop to a fallen child, set it on its feet and wipe away its tears. It will succor the faint and reinforce the tempted. It will care for the aged and the orphan and the outcast. It will be especially eager in affording the aid that goes deeper than the outward need. It will be busy in scattering the leaves of the tree of life, which are for the healing of the nations. It will light the gospel fires on heathen shores, and be "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord" You can not inaugurate for yourselves such a life as this, and not be felt for good. The world will be the better for your living in it; the church will be the stonger, and every good cause will feel the inspiration of your power, and when God's record spreads out its scroll for studious eyes in yonder world, your renown will be high with heaven's plumed peerage.

As we bid you farewell to-day in your going forth from these seminary rules and lessons and trainings, which have ever aimed to furnish you with the greatest working power, we bid you bear in mind your own class motto, furnished beforehand by the pen of inspiration for your guidance, and implanted in the heart only by the Holy Ghost, which imparts the love that seeketh not her own. As you go forth into the unknown future, the earnest prayers of your beloved teachers for you are that from this day forward you may all commit your souls unreservedly to the great Captain of your salvation, that he may lead you every step. So shall your path be light, your success sure,

your days on earth useful and happy, and the end everlasting joy, and so shall you meet again to renew your earthly attachments, to rejoice in the work which God has done in you, for you, and by you, and to cast your crown at his feet. Looking upon your bright faces, your vigor of body, mind and heart, we bid you, in the name of your Alma Mater, and in the name of our divine Master, work for God, work for souls, work unselfishly.

With a deep personal interest in your highest welfare, we say, *God bless you all.*

"How sweetly fall these simple words
Upon the human heart,
When friends long bound by strongest ties
Are doomed by fate to part;
You sadly press the hand of those
Who thus in love caress you,
And soul responsive beats to soul
In breathing out "God less you."

We give you these diplomas and our earnest prayer "God bless you."

The class poem, read by Ella Adams, was written by Mary Clark, so soon to illustrate it in far-away Persia.

SEEKETH NOT HER OWN.

In each human breast deep hidden,
  Nourished by each secret thought,
Lies a principle of seeking
  With great evil often fraught;
And within our hearts it wakens
  Restless longings and desires,
That are pulsing, throbbing, surging,
  Like confined volcanic fires.

So we strive and toil: our labor
  Dims the eye and pales the cheek,
But it does not bring us pleasure,
  Though with earnestness we seek;
For the soul, when bending earthward,
  By its golden gleams enticed,
Finds no resting when it whispers,
  "All of self and none of Christ."

Our tired hearts cry out for friendship,
  And for love, our lives to bless;
For inspiring words, well laden
  With a wealth of tenderness.
And we heed not those around us,
  Whose sad hearts are crushed with fears,
From whose eyes, with God-like fingers,
  We might wipe away the tears.

In the universe there's nothing
  Deeper, stronger, than the soul,
Though we search the earth and heavens
  From the center to the pole.
And the things we put within it
  Leave it empty as before,
Till we seek the things of heaven
  And Christ fills it evermore.

Though the Savior, now in glory,
  Needeth not our tender care,
Yet for him the burdens of his
  Little ones we all may bear.
We can give a cup of water,
  And how sweet his words will be,
"As ye did it to the humblest,
  Ye have done it unto me."

We can tell God's loving message,
  We can breath a word of prayer,
We can bring the sick to Jesus,
  Lay them at his feet with care

And the wine of consolation,
  With the oil, we can pour in
When the heart is bruised and bleeding
  From its conflict fierce with sin.

Seeking thus the things of heaven,
  We shall grow in word and look
Like our fairest elder brother,
  Who himself our nature took.
With his name upon our forehead,
  And his kingdom in our heart
We lose sight of earthly seeking,
  Since we have that better part.

Then as weary hireling waiteth
  For the shadow of the night,
We shall hail the stars of evening,
  Gleaming through the soft twilight;
Hail them as the eyes of angels,
  Waiting till the welcome tone
Bids them carry home to glory
  Each who "seeketh not her own."

Miss Laura Olmstead, Class of '73, who has now joined our mission band at Bangkok, Siam, read the

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ALUMNÆ.

Resolved, First, That we, the daughters of our dear Alma Mater are filled with joy unspeakable at this precious privilege of gathering within these home walls, made dear by so many pleasant associations and hallowed by the constant abiding presence of the holy spirit, who "binds our hearts in Christian love."

Second, That we bring our tribute of gratitude to lay at the feet of our beloved Miss Peabody, who, during all these years, has ever been a kind, loving, patient, mother; a forbearing, faithful, sympathizing teacher; showing continued kindness, thoughtfulness and consideration toward those who have been

permitted to share with her in this glorious work, upholding and sustaining us through days of inexperience, and leading us still to the Fountain of Wisdom, and to the "Rock that is higher than we." And to our dear Miss Jessup, whose beautiful life will always be remembered as helpful in leading us in God's own way, we bring grateful tribute.

Third, That to the faithful band of trustees who have been to us as fathers—during adversity as well as prosperity—to whose skillful management in the use of means entrusted to them, we owe so much, we render heartfelt thanks.

Fourth, That we have been afforded rare enjoyment by the vivid pen pictures of heart and home life which our absent sisters have so thoughtfully sent us in lieu of their presence, but yet they do not satisfy, and the longing to look into their faces and listen to their dear familiar voices, is greater than ever. Tenderly and reverently, too, we think of those whose voices are hushed, but whose spirits (as we confidently believe) are hovering near us at this blessed time.

> "Oh, the lost, the unforgotten!
> In our hearts they perish not."

Fifth, That we thoroughly appreciate the great labor and sacrifice which the grand home coming has imposed upon the present band of teachers and pupils. Our admiration and thanks for the care and skill which they have displayed in providing so perfectly for every want, are not bounded by the imperfect manner in which we have been able to express our gratitude.

Sixth, That we rejoice to see the ever-increasing interest in missionary work which is manifested by the daughters of our Alma Mater, and our hearts go out in prayerful and loving remembrance of those who have consecrated their lives to the noble work.

Seventh, That the Alumnæ put forth greater effort in the future to advance the welfare of our beloved institution, and that most of all we will never fail to ask for it richest blessings from the Father's hand.

Eighth, That the Alumnæ Association endeavor to raise within five years from date of organization, the sum of $5,000

as a special memorial offering; such offering, be it larger or smaller, to be securely invested by the treasurer of the seminary as the nucleus of an Alumnæ fund, the income only, of said fund, to be used toward the education of those who expect to devote themselves to Christian work.

Ninth, That we bring hearts newly consecrated to our loving Heavenly Father, and that we truly unite in crowning Jesus Lord of All.

The doxology was sung, and Dr. Ballard pronounced the benediction.

Dinner followed soon, and was quite as delightful an occasion as the day previous. Even a larger number of guests were served.

Adjourned business meetings of the Alumnæ were held at eight A. M. and four P. M. Arrangements were made for the publication of this memorial, and a member of each class appointed to write a class history for the volume, which will be found in another part of this book.

The organization of a permanent Alumnæ Association was completed by the adoption of the following constitution, and the election of officers:

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE 1. This society shall be called the Alumnæ Association of the Western Female Seminary.

ART. 2. Its objects shall be to deepen the interest of old scholars and the different classes in each other; to place those who have been connected with the seminary in a united, helpful relation to it; to keep alive and quicken the interest of all in Christian education.

ART. 3. All teachers and graduates of the seminary may become members by subscribing to the constitution and by-laws, and paying one dollar as an entrance fee.

ART. 4. The officers shall be elected once in two years, or oftener in case of vacancy, and shall consist of a president, five vice-presidents, a secretary, aided, so long as the business of the association shall require it, by three assistant secretaries; and a committee of appropriation, consisting of three members, one of whom shall be the principal of the seminary.

ART. 5. A meeting of the society shall be held annually, in the seminary, on anniversary day or the day preceding, and special meetings may be called, as provided in the by-laws.

ART. 6. All moneys received shall be paid to the secretary, and by her paid over to the treasurer of the Western Female Seminary, to be by him held and invested as a separate fund in trust, for such uses as may be designated from time to time by the committee of appropriation.

BY-LAWS.

1. The secretary shall call special meetings upon the order of the president, or on the written request of any eight or more members, and at such time and place as may be designated in said request.

2. Officers shall be elected by the majority vote of the members present at the annual meeting.

3. The secretary shall keep a record of all the transactions of the association, including receipts and expenditures, and shall. from time to time, inform absent members of any facts in the history or condition of the seminary which she may deem of special interest to them.

4. The committee of appropriation shall direct what use shall be made of the funds.

5. Members of senior classes of the seminary providentially prevented from graduating, upon recommendation of their classes, may become associate members on the terms named in article 3.

6. The constitution and by-laws may be amended by the vote of a majority of members at any annual meeting.

In the afternoon the leave takings began, and Friday morning the last had gone, save a few who remained with the teachers over the Sabbath.

The farewells were not sad, and we will not dwell upon them.

We had been brought close together in one family, never to be separated again in spirit, even though time and space might intervene. Children and loved ones were calling home again ; life's duties were waiting to be resumed with new and precious significance.

A halo of happy memories of the two beautiful days went with us to our homes, glorifying the common place of everyday life, and sweet echoes resounded in our hearts for weeks.

Those who remained over the Sabbath, speak of the Sabbath morning prayer meeting in Miss Peabody's room, when each brought some precious flower of experience from the reunion days, and wove them together for a chaplet for the sacred head whom we would crown Lord of all. It was a fitting finale to the week of blessing.

LIBRARY.

CLASS HISTORIES.

The succeeding class histories, being compiled, each by one of its own members, present a variety in unity.

We trust that even the casual reader wonders with more than a passing interest, what may have been or will be the life histories of the entire 406 Alumnæ.

Space forbids the complete record here, and their sacredness renders it inappropriate. Those which are given may be taken as types of many more, in similar spheres, which are withheld. All would lay the united volume of most that has been noble, beautiful and useful in their lives, upon an altar of gratitude to Alma Mater, and thankfulness to God for all the sweet and holy lessons learned within her walls.

CLASS OF 1856.

This class had but two members, as will be seen by reference to the catalogue in another part of the book. Neither were present at the reunion, but Miss M. Augusta Chapin writes: "Our class had a short but pleasant history. I was both teacher and pupil all the year, finishing the course begun at Holyoke Seminary. I have never had the pleasure of meeting my class-mate, Mrs. Fuller (nee Harrington), since. I have taught continuously since my graduation, and enjoy the duties more and more each succeeding year." No word has been received from her class-mate.

This class selected for its motto "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and the diplomas of that and every succeeding class have born this prayer, beneath the figure of a young woman kneeling before an altar.

CLASS OF 1857.

Jennie [Sturdevant] Farris was the only member present at the reunion. Greater space is given to this, the first full class, as a sort of type of those to follow, all of whose personal histories space will not permit to give so fully. At the opening of the second year of the seminary, when the girls gathered for regular seats in the seminary hall, among the first words heard, were substantially these: "It is a real comfort to feel we have *old scholars* this year! Please take seats assigned as I read your names." The names of ten young ladies were first read. "These," continued Miss Peabody "will be our 'senior class'—of which we hope to be very proud." Being the first full class which had pursued its studies in the seminary, its organization was quite an event.

As the privileges and dignities of "seniors" began to be accorded to it, the long-drawn sigh was often heard. "I wish I was a 'senior.'"

We fancy the echoes of that sigh have ceased to vibrate, for it is now better realized that this mount of privilege, as all others, implies a previous long, steep ascent.

The likeness between classes of the same school, as with children of a family, is quite apparent, yet class or child has each some individuality, and so holds forever its own place, simple, pathetic, or thrilling, in the family story so dear to all. Ten more contrasting could scarcely have have been found, than the members of this class whom one year of close association welded into one, to make its own peculiar impress.

"Lord accept our tenfold offering," was selected for a class motto, from which the name "Laoto" was derived. A class society was formed for future acquaintance and correspondence, of which Helen M. Dudley was chosen president.

With undefinable emotions of grief at parting, yet confident anticipations for the future, this first band of Alumnæ turned from the seminary steps toward life's broadening realities.

Old words expanded with new meaning as they went, or faded and were forgotten by young hearts flinging care aside,

and measuring fond, harmonious hopes lightly as ever they had glided through "calisthenic" mazes, singing

> "A rosy wreath I'll twine for thee,"

or,

> "The mists of the morning are rolling away;
> The eastern star fades at the coming of day;
> The foam of the billow already I see,
> And there is my little bark waiting for me—
> *For me,* FOR ME!
> And there is my little bark waiting for me."

A year later the first class letter reported five teaching, one making "wonderful achievements in the pot and kettle line" under her mother's superintendence, and another preparing her bridal outfit.

Two years after graduation the first class meeting was held at the seminary, four being present. A poem which had been voted for this occasion during school days was read, entitled "Thrice Conqueror." A year later the annual class letter conveyed the sad word that Eliza [Scott] Olds, the first of the Alumnæ sisterhood married, had, in less than one short year, with her little babe, the first seminary grandchild, vanished forever from a happy home and the presence of those who loved them on earth. Another was married and removed to California—others were married or about to be—all had been teaching more or less, and were widely scattered and full of individual responsibilities. Since then there has been personal correspondence but no class letter; not, however, from any want of fidelity to each other. Death repeatedly invaded the ranks, early taking the President, and now five are gone and five remain. The rapidly circling, ever narrowing years, leave little opportunity to return for lost threads, but when it is known that this class has given to the world, first or last ten good teachers, nine faithful wives, and claims with pardonable pride thirty of the "grand children" on earth and in heaven, who shall say she has failed in duty, lost her comeliness, or is shorn of her power.

Five years after graduation the second death occurred. The daughter of a clergyman; a gentle, retiring girl, scarcely

known well by her class mates until her modest reserve was broken in the hour of parting, and her heart wrote itself out in the letters they afterward exchanged. Her cup of sorrow was her marriage portion, and, like a terrified, wounded young creature she sought refuge in her old home to die.

Maggie [Dudley] Sinks died a few years later. She was a rare spirit; sensitive, witty, genial, energetic, highly endowed in mind, greatly beloved at home and at school. Sayings of hers remembered by class mates are, "Labor is life—'tis the still water faileth." "Idle hearts only the dark future frightens." "Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune," and a quotation from Miss Peabody "Put feeling in the pocket when it comes in the way of duty." She made botany a specialty after leaving the seminary, and taught for several years. At the close of the war she was married to one whom she had known and loved from childhood; a soldier and a hero. The robbery of her husband's store gave a nervous shock to a constitution naturally frail, from which she never recovered. She buried a little daughter but six weeks old, and a little son, a winning, social little fellow, only a year old. These two bereavements were more than her health could bear, and she faded away, sweetly and patiently. After her death, among the keepsakes were found some faded flowers taken from the waxen fingers of her baby daughter, with the lines,

> "As a twig trembles, while a bird
> Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent;
> So is my memory thrilled and stirred;
> I only know she came and went"

Her last words were those of prayer, and soon her husband, sitting by his desolate hearth, said, "I thought *ten years* ago I had suffered all I could." His stricken heart never rallied and in a few years he followed his beloved.

Catharine [Doolittle] Chamberlain was a very successful teacher for seven years in the north and as governess in the family of a wealthy planter near Cumberland, Tennessee, where she was at the breaking out of the war.

At the earnest solicitation of the family she remained as

long as possible and then was safely conducted through the army lines and returned home.

After her marriage her home was in a new and growing colony, Williamsport, Missouri, where she was a social and moral power. Her pastor said "her power and influence for good were fully equal to any other five ladies of my parish." Of three little sons she buried two and herself soon followed in death by a malignant fever contracted in the care of sick friends.

Rhoda S. Driggs, lovely, gentle, talented, idolized Rhoda! who entered the unseen portals out of suffering unspeakable. She taught continuously after her graduation, first at the seminary and afterward in the high schools at Madison, Evansville, Greencastle and Indianapolis. Almost peerless as a teacher she was no less treasured as a woman, daughter, sister and friend. Her graceful pen frequently contributed much admired essays, poems and sketches to the secular and religious press. She was as modest and retiring as she was beloved and gifted.

But relentless suffering laid its hand on her beautiful, useful life in 1876, and for three months she suffered so terribly with a tumor of the stomach and other complications that those who loved her involuntarily shut away the memory of those agonizing days, "lest," as her sister writes, "with aching heart and tear blinded eyes—in utter rebellion I find myself presuming to question the love and wisdom of God." Multitudes of friends, distant and near, vied with each other in daily tokens of anxious desire to lighten her sufferings. In all her agony not a murmuring or impatient word escaped her. Her life had been "hid with Christ in God," and restfully, quietly she slept the closing hours away July 25, 1876.

Loving hands brought such a profusion of flowers, emblematic of the fragrance of her sweet, pure, high-souled life, that the casket was hidden amid them, and they were laid everywhere about her place of rest; they left her asleep under a coverlet of flowers, and returning, found the desolated home made bright and fragrant with them by sympathizing friends.

Of the five members of this class who remain, all have been happy in the relations of wifehood and home. Four are mothers of sturdy, live, growing (or grown) boys and girls, whose care, training, education and future comprise mainly the duties, hopes and solicitudes of their respective mother's lives. To these duties one adds those of the pastor's wife. She describes herself as a "Martha, careful and troubled about many things," with a husband just the reverse, whose cheerful trust in God and man keeps her faith, hope and charity from giving out, and reveals to her the bright side of life, which she says has been a very happy one, with more of the comforts and pleasures than of the vexations, though there have been at times trials and sorrows that surged the heart, but God gave sustaining grace.

Another, who, with Rhoda Driggs, bore the standard for highest scholarship in the class, and was for several years a teacher, aware of the best that the world can offer for its votaries, and of all life's possibilities to those who will make the needed sacrifice for their attainment, now in the midst of her years, writes:

"I ask no other record than a 'Well done,' no higher praise than that I am a good wife and devoted mother. It is no small task to bear, to nurse, to rear six children. I have that number; three daughters and three sons—generous boys with material in them for good men. My friends vote my life a hard one; from their stand point it may be, but I know some excellent lubricators, and keep my domestic machinery moving easily. I am content to revolve in the sphere of home, according to the old fashioned theory that it is the proper sphere for woman—or, perhaps I had better say I have accepted the situation."

From other sources we learn that her daughter has graduated from the high school, and been one year a teacher in the city where she resides.

Another, after many years of happy married life, in distant California, is watching month by month as paralysis slowly creeps upon her husband. She writes, "I could not have borne this terrible trial, and the death of three of my six little ones, had not the Everlasting arms been underneath me."

Yet she writes buoyant and cheerful as one whose mental and spiritual resources are equal to the promise "as thy day is so shall thy strength be." One is an artist and the wife of an artist—not ambitious for herself she says, but with boundless ambition for her husband. Her only children are those of the artist's brush of which many hang east and west. She seems very happy in them, and modestly expresses the hope that so far they may haply have escaped repose in garrets.

One mother, who has buried five out of eight children, writes, and we record it here in this first class history, because it will vibrate the chords of the heart of all motherhood along down the line of the twenty-five classes, voicing in one, the nearly two hundred mothers whom these class histories represent.

"I am cook, washerwoman and seamstress for a husband and three boys, with healthy appetites. The fresh enthusiasm of my boys over the Murphy pledge just signed, is depriving me of ability to think or write intelligibly at this moment." * * * "Perhaps I might note the summer of '73, the *busiest* of my life. At this period these four boys" (one has since died), "the *smartest*, of course—or, among the very smartest—of the seminary's various grand-sons, all had the whooping cough at once, the eldest being but five years old." * * * "My husband, a lawyer, is a home man, and the only shadow, except the shadow of death, that has darkened my life, has been during the hard times, when, being one among the unfortunate ones, he was obliged, for the sake of employment, to be absent from home for months at a time, leaving me with the entire care of my little family.

"In earlier years the feeling of unprofitableness troubled me; but no great mission has come to me. I have been too busy to seek one, and now look forward to no particular happiness in this world outside of my own home. My chief ambition is that my three remaining boys (out of eight children) may live to be useful, God-fearing men, whom the seminary may be proud to greet as grandsons. I certainly hope it may have daughters-in-law for me among its future graduates, and would suggest that a special department be estab-

lished, in which the *mysteries of boy nature* be the topic of instruction. I propose that successful mothers have charge of this department, and that these lessons be published for the benefit of discouraged mothers among the graduates. Surely, with such additional training, the seminary daughters would go forth fully prepared for the fulfillment of woman's mission in life! The order and punctuality taught at the seminary has been of great benefit to me in my household affairs. To the influence of the spiritual training we can all bear testimony, I trust. The ecstacies of "higher life" have not been within my experience. I have found my bereavements hard to bear. The very name of "diphtheria" strikes terror to my heart, for my children have mostly died suddenly with that or some kindred disease; and it is only by comparing their blessed lives with our poor, unsatisfying one, that I can comprehend the lesson and bow submissive. My faith is simple; I try to trust God in all things, and, when the way has seemed dark, have ever found him waiting with a blessing at the end. I am growing old. My hair is gray and I am thin in flesh; but I *feel young*, and am still able to tramp with my boys."

CLASS OF 1858.

This was the banner class of our reunion as regards numbers present, and also in the fact that, though twenty-two years old, and numbering just twenty-two, the circle is still unbroken by death. Its history may, therefore, be brief, hoping humbly for the record one day of those whose "works do follow them."

Eleven of the class were present, and at least thirty-six children gladden the various homes. Those present were—

Margaretta [Brewer] Dickey.

Sarah [Clark] Williams.

Linda Dugan.

Elizabeth [Dugan] Gordon.

Mary [Spooner] Worcester.

Harriet [Thompson] McVey.

Caroline [Doolittle] Linton.

Lucy Gerrish.

Mary [Hale] James.

Auretta Hoyt.

Mary S. Thomasson.

Several of these had been teachers, as well as others, who were absent. One had been a missionary among the Indians, and of the absent ones Jennie [Dawes] Shedd is a missionary at Ooromiah, Persia, where she went with her husband soon after graduation. She has once returned to this country, leaving her three eldest children with their grandparents to be educated. Famine-stricken Persia has blessed her hands and those of her husband for the food received through the generosity of friends in this country, as well as for the "bread and water of life."

Two of this class are wives of ministers, one is a worker in the temperance work and many are in the quiet round of home duties as mothers, daughters and sisters. Some for years have been ministering to their sick ones, while others have required to be ministered unto.

All have felt the Master's refining fires, but in all the result has been his clearer image. One has walked with them in the fiery furnace, upheld them in the deep waters, and all testify of his unfailing truth and love. Letters were read from most of the absent ones, sending greeting and blessings to those so fortunate as to meet in Alma Mater again. All write in love and gratitude for her influence upon their lives.

Many rise up and call her blessed, but none honor and revere her more than we. May heaven's choicest blessings be upon her!

CLASS OF 1859.

Five attended the reunion:

Laura [Hoyt] King.

Margaret [Loughridge] Aiken.

Sabra [Newton] McLaughlin.

Sarah Wilkins.

Drusilla [Warthin] Williams.

Two little misses, Abbie King and Pearl Williams, accompanied their mothers.

Two of the class, Anna Donaldson and Martha [Behan] Cranston have joined that happy reunion "up higher." Although there was no

> **"Touch of the vanished hand**
> **And sound of the voice that is still,"**

Yet, as their names were tenderly spoken, we could feel their presence, always so gentle in life, and we fancied their spirits might be looking down upon us out of the "cloud of witnesses." Only three of the remaining eighteen failed to be present or to send letters full of love and interest for "dear Alma Mater."

Sue [Davidson] Fry fills a position at Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill., where her husband is a professor. She has been very active in woman's mission and temperance work.

Mrs. Ellen Gow, whose letter to her pupils read on reunion day, gives the story of her life, writes, "It seems so very strange that I should not be at the twenty-fifth anniversary. It was always my intention to be there."

Hattie Eastman sends greeting from her far off home in Burmah with the wish that she could be present. Through others we learn that her associate missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Bunker, say, "If we had made out an order for a woman, it could not have been filled more to our minds." She has written a Life of Luther, to refute the teachings of the Roman Catholic's who were trying to lead away their people, which Mr. B. says is admirable. Her health is good and her labors most abundant.

In her letter read on reunion day, we catch a glimpse of her remarkably busy, useful life.

Clarinda [Wilkins] Langridge went south as a teacher to the freedmen, where she married a gentleman who had formerly been a missionary in Africa, now a practicing physician at Montgomery, Alabama. She says the Lord is giving her heart and hands much work. She has charge of a school of sixty colored young ladies and girls and her husband shows the true missionary spirit in filling the position of pastor for the second colored Baptist church. Laura Tuthill and Lucy Levy, the largest and the smallest of the class, and Sarah Wilkins are unmarried, and we doubt not are nobly filling the varied and essential duties pertaining to the order of the "protestant nuns," who teach our schools, are called by the name of "auntie" and make themselves gener-

ally and unselfishly useful in the home, the church and society. Nellie [Force] Childs, in her old sweet way, writes, while convalescing from a recent illness, "I shall be with you in spirit. It is twenty-one years since our class unclasped hands to go our separate ways pledged to our class motto, 'Life, take it up bravely,' etc. Twenty of those years I have been the wife of a pastor and am to-day the happy, grateful mother of nine children, six daughters and three sons. Only four are left in our earthly home."

Sallie [Greason] Mitchell, Kate [Pierce] Treat, Mary [Putnam] Fitch, Emma [Mixer] White, Mary [Ellis] Rowley, Maggie [Loughridge] Aiken, Sabra [Newton] McLaughlin, Laura [Hoyt] King either reported for themselves in person at the reunion or in bright cheerful letters full of love and tender memories of school life, but underneath all was apparent the undertone of life's earnest responsibilities met in womanly strength and divine grace. Their reports all reflected the light from cosy home nests, where children call them mother and retiring home duties take the place of the school room responsibilities many of them fulfilled for a time after graduation. Emily [Bailey] Snow and Margaret [Guffin] Kackley, though failing to report, belong to the same band of home makers. Mrs. Kackley is a widow with the care of three children devolving upon her.

Drusilla [Warthin] Williams is also a widow, with a son and daughter left to her care. She has returned to her early profession of teaching. Some members of the class failed to give the number of their children but at least sixteen boys, twelve girls and four step daughters may be counted as the living "olive branches" around the table of the class of '59.

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CLASS OF 1860.

Of the twenty-five whose names fill our class-roll only seven were permitted to gather the sunbeams of June at the seminary on her twenty-fifth anniversary.

Our number and her anniversaries that day were equal,

though seven were with the seminary's vanished years that wait upon us in eternity, and eleven were in other tents on distant fields, still we were, we always are, twenty-five. Blest be the power that can immortalize!

Under the daisies are the caskets, in heaven the souls, of Elizabeth [Ballard] Walker, Elizabeth A. Howell, Harriet N. Crawford, Louisa M. Wasson, Zorilda [Brown] Bennett, Nancy J. Williamson, and Martha [Smith] Calvert, who, in the order named, have drank their cup from the vintage rolling time has pressed, "and one by one gone silently to rest."

Mary [Adams] Draper, Margaret A. Coles, Mary [Knapp] Clevenger, Mary L. Shedd, Anna [Whitten] Scott and Ellen E. Smith, waked the echoes and the melody of memories, that are waiting always for our voices on the spot where our class stood homeless on the night of January 14, 1860. It was not for us all to partake of the feast, but blessings have reached all from New England to California, from Orient to Occident, of the glory of our celestial season. In a suite of rooms, and in another not remote, were clustered our representatives, and here, after the reception of the first evening, was read our class history, thus blending the past with the present, joyfully invoking the spirits of those absent, but living tearfully again embalming the memory of our sainted dead.

The class records exhibit a faithful performance of our watchword—*Act*. We have heeded our instruction,

> "Wake! for the sun has scattered into flight
> The stars before him, from the field of night.
> The bird of time has but a little way
> To flutter—and the bird is on the wing."

Possibly the most distinguished service for the Master was that rendered by Nancy J. Williamson in the devotion of her entire life to the enlightenment of the Sioux and Dacotah Indians. She published a little volume—selections from the Bible in the Dacotah tongue, and through this she yet speaks to them, though her voice is silent now, save in the land of the Great Spirit, whither she went after seventeen years of earnest endeavor. A shorter, but not less acceptable service

was that of Harriet N. Crawford in Persia, who, after five years came to us again seeking the health which did not return, and heaven's portals opened for her. Others are working in fields white to the harvest—the wives of ministers; others are demonstrating woman's ability to labor successfully in the field of mind; others are quietly performing the duties of wives, mothers, daughters, sisters,—and still others are *serving*, though they "only stand and wait,"—for to some has been given more of zeal than strength—but,

> **"Whether at Naisapur or Babylon,**
> **Whether the cup too sweet, or bitter run"—**

we think it can be written of all, "she hath done what she could." Seventeen wear other names than those upon the old roll. To almost all life is very beautiful in its earnestness, though some walk slowly, and sadly, deeming it a long journey through the shadows before light breaks at last.

During the twenty years since we clasped our hands to turn and go, the class letter has made its annual round without a single failure. Powers have departed, possessions vanished, opinions changed, but "affliction cemented the tie," and has rendered our attachment to pleasant duty invincible. Over the mountains and across the lea, we have annually signaled our sisters and caught the words "Hail, and Farewell!" But this brief chapter must close. It needs the limner's pencil to paint the picture as we would have it, and on the ever precious faces we beg him through sifted clouds to let down heaven's best, most golden, sunshine.

CLASS OF 1861.

The Class of '61 helps to form the link between the old seminary and the new. We were driven out of the old home by fire, and walked the plank into the new, for our diplomas. In the beginning of the year we were twelve, but Nellie Little left, and afterward joined another class. We studied without vacation, did what we could to help refurnish the new home,

and bore, meanwhile, the first shock of war, that called for our brothers and dear ones. When this came Mattie Fry left us. She has, long since, gone to her better home, and, after a few years, Jennie Kile joined her. Belle Riggs Williams and Naomi Diament are missionaries to China; seven have been teachers and five of our number are married. Belle W. has six children, Ellen J. Dale four boys, and Anna S. Clark one, named Stuart. Sallie H. Field has had six children, two are in the better land, and Mary B. Osborn has two, with one gone before. Emma Driggs teaches continuously. She has been for some time at Evansville, Ind. Five were present at the reunion: Belle [Riggs] Williams, Sarah [Hubbard] Field, Mary [Bennet] Osborn, Sarah and Mary Reis.

CLASS OF 1862.

Sarah [Dickinson] Corey lived in Chicago, till the great fire destroyed their property. She has three children. Mary Landis, taught and married. Her two daughters are Fleta and Grace. She writes: "Sarah and her two little girls are visiting me. I truly wish more of my class could give me the same pleasure."

Francis Eells has devoted herself to teaching, and to the care of friends. Since the death of her sister, she has been the stay and support of her aged mother. Her letter is full of gratitude for promises fulfilled.

Cornelia [Little] Griggs spent eight years as a home missionary's wife in Minnesota and Michigan, and for the last eight years has lived in Connecticut. She has two boys and three girls, and says her blessings have far outweighed her trials.

Mary Moore was the only member present at the reunion. She writes: The years have come and gone and I have been busy with the duties which lay nearest. I can tell you of no great work; of no husband and children. "But some one must fill up the chinks, and I hope my efforts in that line may help the greater things."

Philura Richardson married Rev. Edwin Black, a Methodist minister. They moved to Tennessee, where she soon

died. She was a devoted helper to her husband. Being an only daughter, her early death was a great blow to her parents.

From Gainesville, Fla., Anna Snively writes: "My father died the year after I left the seminary. Reverses of fortune led me into the schoolroom in '70. Though into my life some rain has fallen, it is by no means 'cold, dark and dreary.' My mother found rest from lingering disease in March, of '74. Since that time Sister Ada and I have lived four years in Elkhart, Indiana. My health failing two years ago, I resigned my situation in the high school and am here for change and rest."

Emma F. Sprangler married Amos Southard in '70. I think lived in Crawfordsville during her married life. Died at the house of her uncle, in Chicago, in '72 or '73, leaving no children. Electa [Whitehead] Starr writes: "I taught school two years after leaving the seminary, and in October, 1867, was married. We have five children—two girls and three boys. In 1866, I, with four others of our class, had a pleasant meeting at the seminary. I have seen Miss Peabody's bright face once since at a missionary meeting. The blessed memories of 1862 have sweetened my labor and will sweeten my rest."

CLASS OF 1863.

Of this class, but three were present at the reunion—Hattie Conkling, Ella [Kendall] Overturf, and Sallie [Pond] Baird. Hattie has been called to be a companion to her father and mother, which duty she has performed faithfully and patiently. Ella [Kendall] Overturf appears but little changed. She is active in church work. Her life has been full of blessings, her husband devoted, and her little daughter most dutiful. Lida Carnahan was, for a few years, the wife of Rev. David Love, but her work was short; she was called up higher, leaving two little girls. Nellie [Little] Griggs is the happy mother of five children, living in her old home. It has been a great disappointment to miss her face at this time.

Laura [Cheseldine] White is living in Illinois. She is silent on this occasion, much to our regret. She has a son and daughter. Ellen Allen went to Mexico City under the auspices of the Woman's Phila. Board. She there established a school, remaining four years, when failing health obliged her to return. She is now making her home in Florida. Of Fannie Reid we know nothing, except that her home is in Ashtabula, and that she has one son. Sallie [Pond] Baird is living in the home of her school days, being the mother of two boys, respectively twelve and fourteen, finding her hands well filled with home duties and what church work she is able to perform.

CLASS OF 1864.

This class, which had but thirteen members, seemed a little peculiar in its make up and history. Two had entered before the fire and two were short course pupils. Then, when it had just arrived at the place where all the heavy study work was done and the time had come to talk of graduating exercises, dresses, class organization and mottoes which would have tended to cement its members more closely, that "noisome pestilence" came and scattered the class after a hurried meeting together once more around the bedside of one of its number. A sort of organization was hastily formed but there was no time to select a motto. One or two class letters have been written, but only a small number of the class have ever found their way back to the place left so hastily on May 6, 1864. All have been spared for that usefulness for which their training at Alma Mater fitted them.

A number have been teachers. Minnie C. Beach, after some months work as teacher among the freedmen at the south, went to Turkey as a missionary. Ill health compelled her to return to find her field of usefulness in this country.

One devoted herself to art. Her sketches grace some of our popular magazines and her pictures are pronounced of real merit. Nine are married and are faithfully filling the beautiful and worthy sphere of wife and mother and are

useful members of the church. All of them were professed Christians before entering the seminary and its influence was like that of the sunshine and showers upon seed corn in good ground. Two of the class attended the reunion, Anna [Blaisdell] Taylor and Frank [White] Montgomery.

Four sent letters telling of duties to home friends which detained them reluctantly. None boasted of great things, but were simply attending to the little duties of every day life, and were happy in doing whatsoever their hands found to do. The responsibilites and perplexities of successfully conducting women's missionary societies engross a fair share of the thought and time of several members of this, as well as of many other classes.

CLASS OF 1865.

The Class of '65 numbered eighteen. Of these two have died—Myrtie Barber, a few weeks after leaving school, and Laura [Marshall] Cunningham in 1879. Laura's husband only survived her three months, leaving their children, two girls and one boy, orphans.

Of the sixteen remaining members, seven were present at the reunion: Myra Brown, Florence Carpenter, Fannie Ford, Minnie Gow, Belle Howe, Mary Martin and Mary Lauder. At least ten of the class have taught, two of these at the seminary, Mary Martin and Julia Smith. Nine of the class are married. Four are still engaged in teaching; Clara McClellan is a florist, and Florence Carpenter a bookkeeper. The earnest spirit of the class motto, "Dum Vivamus Vivamus," has been wrought out in the lives of each member of the class, so far as we can learn, with the hope that while we live we may so live that we may enter life eternal, not empty-handed, but bearing many sheaves.

CLASS OF 1866.

The eleven of "'66" graduated July 5, under the motto "Ad astra per Aspera."

Allie [Andrews] Lewis writes: "A quiet, happy life makes little history for a memorial volume. Two years housekeeper for my father, one year an invalid, brings me to the date of my marriage. Sister Emma dying gave me her little boy whom I kept three years. Last June an Iowa cyclone lifted our house from the foundation and carried it away. We had taken refuge in the cellar so escaped unhurt."

Lucy [Bell] Riefenberick condenses facts and dates as follows: "I was married Nov. 21, after we graduated. Resided in Cincinnati five years, when my first son, Robert Bell was born, '68. Removed to Portsmouth, Ohio, where Richard Parker was born, '72, and where I still reside."

Rebecca [Conklin] Sheely says: "I remained at home nine years, teaching in Sunday-school, leading by voice and instrument our church music. In '75 went to Colorado. My trip across the prairies and mountains gave new interpretation to long, familiar passages of scripture, and the "shadow of a great rock." "As the mountains round about Jerusalem," and "Day unto day uttereth speech," came with new meaning. I was married '76, Rev. Homer Sheely. Baby Allice was born '78; since '77 have resided at Lowell, Ind."

Mary [Harriott] Orwig has been twice married, has three children, one daughter and two sons; is now living at Napoleon, Ohio, happy in her home and church work.

E. V. Porter writes: "I spent the first year after leaving the seminary at home; the next year taught music and passed the winter in Chicago; third year in Bellefontaine; fourth, taught in Marion. After my father's death entered a bank as bookkeeper, where I continued until I was married in 1872. Jane Porter, my only child, was born 1874."

Ada B. Klum says: "I am like the knife-grinder, 'have no story.' Who can make points in the uneventful life of a teacher? The years are so alike. I can not tell how many have passed until I name the different buildings in which I have taught."

Mary [Macy] Carpenter reports: "After leaving the seminary I was a governess in Michigan. Taught freedmen in South Carolina and a plantation school in Georgia. So ended my career as a teacher. Some time passed quietly in Cincin-

nati, and then I was married. Bald statistics mean nothing unless you can see within the boundary lines. I have two children, a son and daughter.

Olivia M. Brice writes: After leaving the seminary, October found me teaching in the grammar school, Terre Haute, Ind., the second and third years in the high school; was then elected to the chair of English literature in the State Normal School, which opened November, 1869, but declined that honor to accept one far more responsible; was married September, 1869. Have three sons and two daughters. Happy are the lives that make little history!"

Lizzie P. Wilmer writes: "I began teaching August, 1866; taught in Northwood, New Hampshire; Holyoke Seminary; was married in 1875 to Rev. Wm. Wilmer, of Williamsport, Ind., where we have since resided. Our family consists of two daughters, eight and nine years of age when they came under my care."

Marie Sheely says: "A memorial of deeds done is not heart history. Fourteen years of teaching sounds monotonous, though in reality as varied as a romance. In Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois, schools of different kinds occupied me fully for nine years. The last five years have been spent in successful primary work. Trials, triumphs, fears, rejoicings, crowd the record into a few lines."

Our memorial record closes with that of one who has passed beyond the stars, India Thomas, the beloved president of our class. Her dying words, "I see, I see," tell the story of her consecrated life hid with Christ, exhaling goodness as a flower its fragrance.

A few years' teaching at the seminary, her chosen field, and then to lie passive, suffering his will. On being asked how long she had been afflicted, her cheerful reply revealed the secret of her life: "It has not occurred to me that I am afflicted." This tribute to her beautiful character is fitly closed with her own poetical words:

> "Far mightier than the one great law
> That holds both sun and star,
> And gentler than the softest breeze,
> Whispering of sweets afar,

And higher than the heights above,
And deeper than the sea,
Is the sweet joy of converse held,
O, Infinite, with Thee."

CLASS OF 1867.

Of Jennie [Allen] Everett it is only known that her home is in Toledo, Ohio, and two children have been given into her loving care. Of Maggie Campbell even less is known. Lottie wrote very briefly that she could not be at the reunion of the Alumnæ, owing to her school duties. Anna [Carley] Brown finds her time filled in the care of her house, husband and her blue-eyed Bessie, now a year old. Allie Carnahan thinks her life has been too uneventful to interest the outside world, for her work has been close at home. Hulda [Case] Reese bakes, cans, preserves and pickles; cuts, fits, makes and remakes; is fat, fair and thirty-four, and the proud mother of three healthy children, the eldest a girl of seven. Every day is full, not of what she imagines she can do or expects she will do, but of work actually done. While she keeps herself posted in all philanthropic work of the day, she feels that the work of the home maker is the noblest and most self-denying of all. Mary [Catheart] Ransdall has a cosy home. Her Lottie and Willie are old enough to attend school, while Minnie, little Dan, his father's namesake, and a wee laddie, who still numbers his life by weeks, give her plenty for heart and hands. Narcissa Cleland has two homes, one in Topeka, Kan., and the other in Kirkwood, Mo., where she has spent the last four years with her sister. Of her part in life she thinks there is nothing to tell, one year scarcely differing from another. She was the only one of the class present at the reunion, and feels as if she had missed some of the "loaves" that there fell to others. Amelia [Clift] Powell has attended many seminary anniversaries, but failed to be present at the reunion. Emma Gordon is living with her sister. Many glad years and some of trials have been hers, but the anchor has held and a willing service has been given the Master.

Laura Hayward has taught for years in Chicago, spending her vacations at her home in Beloit, Wis. This year, owing to her mother's failing health, she resigned her position. Euretta Hurlburt says her way has been of the "even tenor," with no changes, except those slow ones wrought by the "little years." In her teachingshe has learned lessons not down in text-books. Some of us know of her "rare and racy" experience in pre-empting a claim in southern Kansas. Emilie Jones after having taken the degree of M. D. is the physician at Wellesley College. Nira [Koogler] Wright says that the little lassie who came the first of May was rather too young to attend the the august council of the Alumnæ, and would interrupt too often with the cry of "hear, hear." She is willing to compare her excellent husband and six children with any one. Of Nellie Graff and Lou [Leonard] Bradley, nothing is known. For nine years Rachel [Martin] Burrowes lived at her father's doing what her hands were able to do,—not forgetting the Master's work—till she was wanted in another home. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Her little daughter Gracie came a year and a half ago, to add to her joy. Belle [Shepherd] Hussey, after many happy years, is enduring fiery trials. Her husband, professor in Perdue University, Lafayette, Ind., was a year ago stricken with paralysis, which hopelessly shattered every faculty. The care of him and the support of their seven children devolve upon her. Her pitiful letter is too sacred for publication, but her class will be glad to know that her trust is still in the Lord. Lou [Wilkerson] Davison has also been greatly afflicted, first in the loss of three brothers. Two years ago scarlet fever, in ten days, swept away the two oldest of her three little daughters,—Katie and Alice. Recently she was called to mourn the loss of her mother. Through it all she has tried to say, "Thy will be done." Jennie [Williams] Boyd has for the last ten years been living in a pioneer settlement of south-western Kansas, where she has been occupied in her home duties and the care of her children. Her two little girls, seven and five, died within one week of each other, leaving their parents childless and heart-broken. Since, twins—a boy and girl have been born to

them. They are more than three years old, and are known as Eric and Edith. She hopes if Edith lives, to send her to the seminary. Two of the class have been called to better and brighter joys. Ella McKim "entered into her rest" just two years after her graduation. Lizzie Wishard died March 2, 1876, two years after her marriage. Life was very bright to her, and she wanted to live for the sake of her husband. She wept for a time when told she could not recover, but soon resigned all to her Savior, and, with the same cheerfulness that had characterized her in health, made all her plans, and her life was beautifully closed.

CLASS OF 1868.

Scattered far from Alma Mater and as far from each other are the members of the class of 1868, yet they are still bound to the old home and to one another by the watchword chosen, ere they knew its full significance, "Una fides, unum opus, una spes."

Three, having continued in the faith, have completed their work and are now realizing the hope which was their inspiration. Of the eighteen who remain, one engaged for a season in missionary labor among the Indians, two share the varied pleasures and trials of ministers' homes; more are doing nobly as teachers; others in busy city or quiet country homes scatter good seed by the way, in Sabbath-school and church work. Each has had her experiences of joy and sorrow, too sacred for the many, but known perhaps in the smaller class circle. Georgie Banks and Kate O'Byrne were the only representative members at the reunion.

To the glance of those who know them only as united by the tie which binds all the Alumnæ of our much-loved seminary, the facts stand thus: Married, eight; teaching, seven engaged in various home work, three; deceased, three.

CLASS OF 1869.

Of the Class of '69, numbering twenty-seven, two, Mary Atherton and Selinda Fay, have "fallen asleep in Christ."

Florence [Adams] Merril writes from Andover, Mass.: "While my husband, professor in Phillips Academy, has two hundred boys to look after, I find enough with my home and outside life to interest my thoughts and energies." She has a little Florence of four and a little boy of two years, and bids us all welcome to her house, built before revolutionary times.

Jennie [Ball] Meteer is the wife of a minister; and, we hear, does good work in the cause of missions. About a year ago Harry, the eldest of her three boys, was taken away.

Mary [Bosworth] Henderson writes of her home life; of her two children, her baby of ten months, and little Lawrence nearly three, who resembles his mother. They are evidently her music and poetry.

Leora E. Bowyer is a teacher in the high school of Terre Haute. Anticipating the twenty-fifth anniversary reunion with great delight, her plans were changed by a proposed trip to Europe.

Sophia [Brandkamp] Coyle is the wife of a minister. She tells of her work in church, and Sunday-school with much pleasure; also, of her two blue-eyed girls.

Hattie H. Chase, after teaching for some years, is now at home doing, she says, the work that lies nearest. No doubt she finds her willing hands full.

Maria [Cleland] Sneed, for some years an invalid, has regained her health. She rejoices in the possession of a little Mary Crosby Sneed, "who is the baby of the land." Little Phillip, her eldest, was only lent for a short time.

Emily [Elliott] Sturdevant says, "I am happy in doing the work that lies right here for me to do." That work is largely the care of four merry boys and little Beulah, her "perpetual joy."

Cornelia [Farnsworth] Goe writes that she is the mother of three little children, "who occupy much time and attention;"

but she does not seem to neglect the pursuit of study and cultivation begun at the seminary.

Caroline [Fay] Mowery, after teaching painting at the seminary for nine years, became the wife of a minister and has now two little living pictures. From her we learned of the peaceful death of dear Linda.

Virginia M. Gow was present at the reunion. She says she lives for her mother, but if you knew how many that call her sister and auntie depend upon her, you would think her an important factor in many lives.

Eliza Groenendyke is teaching in Lafayette, Indiana. She writes, "My duties have lain close about me, needing no seeking out; I like the work and am doing my best."

Emma [Hoyt] Seward writes of her work and interest in the church of which her husband is pastor. Three little ones have been given her, one was early taken home.

Julia Hughes, since leaving the seminary, has spent most of the years teaching. Last year she was a student at Bloomington University, fitting herself in special branches for future work.

Emma [Isom] Robertson is teaching at Dayton, Ohio. From others we hear that she has been working for the education of a brother and two sisters. She has been saddened lately by the death of one of these sisters, but she writes, "Teaching seems more sacred work since my affliction."

Luella [Rankin] Kimball is not heard from.

Maggie [Kirkpatrick] LeSourd writes of her life as a minister's helper: "I enjoy it very much; am never so happy as when engaged in church work." She has one little girl four years old.

Ollie F. McKimm has taught nearly all the time since leaving school, but is now at home with her mother, and is "mother herself to three little nieces," who hardly know the difference.

Hattie [McLane] Ammon was present at the twenty-fifth anniversary reunion, and told us of her happy and pleasant home.

Minnie [Milligan] Mills has done the two things she never would do, "Marry a minister and go West," and is very happy

in doing both. She has a "little dimpled bit of humanity, full of whys? and what is it's?" called Jessie.

Alice W. Milligan has, for some years, been an efficient teacher at the Oxford Seminary. We are told that since the death of her father she has had the education of two brothers much at heart.

Amelia Myers has spent the years in teaching or studying. In '75 she graduated from the School of Elocution at Philadelphia, and in '79 from the Normal School at Oswego, N. Y. She is now teaching, and is very enthusiastic in her profession.

Lucy [Rochester] Bowen was present at the reunion, not at all changed. The class meeting was honored by the presence of her little girl, three months old. Little Meade, her boy, is three years old.

Mary Sheppard has been a teacher at Oxford ever since her graduation. She is much devoted to the interests and welfare of the seminary, and adds much thereto by earnest and efficient work.

Mary [Wells] French writes: "My husband's work is in Wells College, thus keeping my interest alive in educational matters. My work is at home with my children." Herbert, the eldest, is eight; Harry, two years old. The first-born was their *earthly* delight but for a little while.

CLASS OF 1870.

This class originally numbered sixteen and is still unbroken by death. Seven were present at the reunion:

Eliza J. Cornell.	**Augusta McCoy.**
Melissa Coulson Conover.	**Julia Mills Gregg.**
Emma Jones.	**Fanny U. Nelson.**
Sue E. Timberman.	

Seven of the class are married and the little ones in their homes are fifteen in number. All but five have taught part

of the time since their graduation; three have been teachers at the seminary. This class is not so widely scattered as many others; all but one are living in Ohio, Indiana or Illinois. The class letter is kept in constant circulation, and bears repeated testimony that the class are seeking to do faithful Christian work in the homes and the schools where the master has placed them, and that they are learning with each returning year to trust more and more fully in their motto-promise, "Qui transtulit sustinebit."

CLASS OF 1871.

The Class of '71 numbered twenty-four at the beginning of their senior year, but only twenty graduated after the fire of April 7. Since that time, four have finished their lifework here, and we feel sure are waiting for us in our father's house.

The first to leave us was Athelia [Byers] Hunt, who died in the spring of '73, within a year after her marriage.

All through this same spring Anna Mason was slowly fading with consumption; and one evening in early June she gently fell asleep. Laura [Clough] Hadley died in August, '77, after a sickness of several months, leaving a boy of four. On April 8, '80, Narcia [Goodfellow] Risser was suddenly called to the Savior she trusted. She left four little children, Fred and Helen, Mary and baby John. She was most tenderly devoted to them and to her husband, and was the life and light of their home.

Carrie [Alexander] LaGrange is very happily married, but the loss of two little babes has made a deep shadow in their home.

Ella [Bane] Bowen was the first of the class to venture into matrimony, and her seven-year-old Willie is the "class baby."

Louise [Bissell] Bacon spent a year at Mt. Holyoke; studied music and taught before her marriage. She has three little ones, Harry, Laura and Bessie, to keep her busy.

Lida [Bushnell] Byal taught for several years after leaving school; she has one child, Albert, about four years old.

Emma Calhoun chose missionary work among the Dakota Indians. She was married there to Rev. C. L. Hall, and moved to Ft. Berthold. God took little, Harry, their oldest, but they have two with them, Bertie and baby Hannah. Emma is very happy in her work. Ella Clark's health has been delicate for several years, and she has spent most of the time traveling, finding benefit in Southern California. Nellie [Cleland] Craig writes of her busy life and two children, George and Nellie. Sophie Cunningham taught at the seminary the year after graduating; afterwards at Knoxville, Tenn., and Springfield, Ill. For several years she has found her sweetest pleasure and duty in staying with her mother at their home in Jonesboro, Tenn. Lydia Dimon has taught all of the time since graduating, principally in high schools. Sallie Gamble has also taught for nine years, and all of the time in Connersville, Ind., in which state she ranks among the first of primary teachers. Anna Hopkins is still devoted to painting, and is very successful. She has taught several years in the School of Design. Eliza [Hougham] Hickman is happy as the wife of a Methodist minister, and the mother of two little daughters.

Emma Hughes has found life at home so pleasant that she has not cared to change it for any other, but is useful as the only daughter. Mary [Needham] Gregg has fulfilled her prophecy of "marrying a minister." She studied music in Boston before her marriage. Two children claim her love and care—Jamie and Faith. Rosa Rabb was her father's constant nurse till he died, and since then has a pleasant home with an invalid friend, to whose little daughter she teaches music. Eva Sherwood writes of a busy life in church and society. She is still studying music. Binnie [Snyder] Bailey spent several years in Munich, studying music. On her return she was married to a Universalist minister of Cincinnati, but, his health failing, they went west, and her address is not known. She has one little daughter. Nannie Wason Ames spent a year with friends in Boston, also studying music and designing, and afterward taught a year in Chicago. She has a pleasant home near Lowell, Ind., and a busy life in looking after her two little boys, Carlie and Ray. Mary

[White] Lavayea has one child, a few months old, but the class have not heard from her since leaving school. Mary [Willson] Whitehead taught in Indianapolis, after recovering from injuries received at the fire, till her marriage to a lawyer of that city. She has two little daughters, Emma and Mary. A class-letter is circulated, and the class love grows stronger each year. Only five were at re-union: Sophie Cunningham, Anna Hopkins, Emma Hughes, Rosa Rabb, and Nannie [Wason] Ames.

CLASS OF 1872.

At the reunion there were present, Minnie Perkins, Anna [Whallon] Mills, and Mary Coulson. They held class meetings, read the messages from absent ones, and discussed class-matters generally, but with a feeling of loneliness. This class is still an unbroken band, and, though its members are widely scattered, they have kept up a class letter. Many of them were absent from the reunion, because of home and school duties, but sent letters to their beloved Alma Mater, for the occasion.

Mary Allen was married to Rev. Wm. Whipple in July, 1872, and in a few weeks went to Persia. They remained nearly seven years, when they returned on account of ill health. While in Persia two sons and a daughter were born to them, but God called home little Willie and Max in 1876. Mary and her husband, with their little Mildred, spent part of the years 1879 and 1880 at their old home, Rockville, Indiana. In April, 1880, with restored health and strength, they returned to Persia. On their way to New York they stopped at the seminary a few days. There Minnie Perkins and Mary Coulson met them and had a short but delightful visit. Mary's lot in life seems to be a most blessed one. She is an earnest, hopeful Christian and so happy in her chosen sphere. Her prayer for her class-mates will never be forgotten by the two who were with her in that memorable "recess-meeting," held on the Sabbath evening of their reunion.

Hattie Boal became Mrs Robert Peeples in 1873. Her

home is in Ashland, Kentucky. She has two lovely little children—Robert and baby. Hattie is said to be a model wife and mother, and is very happy.

Mary and Alice Blythe are conducting a kindergarten in St. Joseph, Missouri. They are active, useful Christians, and their sisterly devotion to each other is still beautiful.

Mary Coulson's home is in Oxford, Ohio, where she taught in the high school for several years. She is very enthusiastic and happy in her work, and is actively engaged in the Sabbath-school and church. She has the privilege of seeing frequently her Alma Mater and seminary friends. She wishes that all the Alumnæ could enjoy the same privilege, for every visit to the seminary prompts and encourages more faithful Christian living.

Alice Dean has taught most of the time since she graduated. Devotion to her invalid mother prevented her being present at the reunion. We hear a good report of her service for Christ.

Kate Dwyer has filled the honorable and useful position of teacher much of the time since 1872, but is resting at home this year. She is an earnest, active laborer for Christ in the temperance cause, and in other departments of church work.

Minnie Perkins has accomplished much as a dutiful daugh, ter and faithful teacher. She and her mother, on account of ill-health, spent part of last year in Texas. She is an only daughter, and her devotion to her mother, who is in declining years and broken health, is worthy of highest commendation. Minnie has her mother with her in Troy, and is very happy in her manifold home and school duties.

Eva Tweed was married in 1874. She has two little girls, Lizzie and Lucina. Eva writes that her life is full of home cares, and that she is very happy.

Anna [Wallon] Mills at the reunion spoke enthustically of her good husband and her delightful Chicago home. Her bright face and joyous tones verified the truth of her words. Anna uses her leisure and means in doing good. She is specially interested at present in some city missionary work for the Chinese of Chicago.

Mattie [Zook] Rhorer has two children, Cleland and Helen. She writes about her "home-keeping" and her church work, and of her pleasure in these duties. All honor to our western pioneer sister in the Rocky mountains.

The married members of the Class of '72 all have influential positions and rare opportunities for usefulness. May God bless all of us in our various paths of duty; may he help us to be faithful unto the end, and grant us an abundant entrance into heaven, and a full and glorious reunion there.

CLASS OF 1873.

The Class of '73 numbered seventeen at the beginning of its senior year. But the circle was soon broken, for early in December Miss Williams' health gave way and she decided to return to her home at Savannah, Missouri. This, however, she was unable to do, and on December 17 her classmates gathered about her coffined form for a last look at the face they loved so well. Her cousin, Miss Waterman, worn with watching and sorrow, accompanied the remains to their home and found it impossible to return.

Retta Sheeley, Emma Crawford and Mary McKinney were disabled by sickness and when the class of '73 gathered upon the platform to receive their diplomas from the hands of Dr. Nelson they numbered but eleven. The first wedding was that of Carrie Collins and Eugene L. Pattin, May, 1874, and the following spring the class awarded the silver cup to Gracie Pattin. In June, 1874, Emma Eastman married Jerome L. Love, M. D., and the doctor took his bride to a new home in Whiting, Kansas. In the autumn of the same year Emma Crawford became Mrs. Samuel Taggart, but before a year had elapsed her place in the class letter was filled by one from her mother, telling the story of Emma's death.

In January, '76, Jas. Y. Herrick, a lawyer of Wellington, Kansas, took Cordie Wood to his western home. The class letter of '77-8 contained the photograph of Rev. O. Wright, who, in October, '77, had induced Minnie Starr to become his

assistant in a new missionary field in western Kansas. Emma Hutchinson has become Mrs. B. C. Davis. In Mrs. Pattin's family there are now two little girls, Grace and Augusta; in Mrs. Love's, two boys, Arthur and Robert, and their little sister Idella; Mrs. Herrick rejoices in the possession of two sons, Harold and Walter, and Mrs. Wright calls her one boy Frederick Starr. Miss Olmstead remained at the seminary for five years after her graduation; then went to Mill's Seminary, Brooklyn, Cal., for two years, and is now in far-away Siam. The public schools of Ohio, Indiana and Iowa have for the past seven years been the scene of the labors of Miss Ellis, Miss Sheeley and Miss Cobb, and Mary Dickey has been for the greater part of that time a teacher in the Lenox Institute, Hopkinton, Ia. Sallie Waterman, and Emma Vawter have gone with their parents to new homes in southwestern California, and the rest, Mary Dame, Mary Nelson and Mary McKinney, though engaged in teaching part of the time, have found their work to lie, principally, in their own homes. Emma Hutchinson and Laura Olmstead represented us at the reunion.

CLASS OF 1874.

The Class of '74 was composed of the mystic number "seven." These lamps, carefully burnished by our Alma Mater, were sent forth to make little circles of light in the darkness. The world has not been dazzled by their brilliancy, but they have brightened homes and sent some gleams beyond.

At our reunion Houtie McCoy, Sara Robinson and Virginia Dare were present. These three have been principally occupied with home duties, which, though homely at times, have been made more acceptable by the breath of love that clings to them. Sara and Houtie have each taught a short time, but they are by no means wedded to the profession. Mary Chidlaw, who did not graduate, but whom the class has always claimed, was, at the time of the reunion, traveling in the old world. Our president, Julia Baldwin, soon after graduating, entered upon the duties of a teacher, but Mr. Nichols, appre-

ciating her good qualities, persuaded her to accept another situation. She writes to those of her class, who are not quite sure of their mission, that they will certainly find it in married life. Emily Robinson has been engaged in type writing, a work which she has very much enjoyed. In July, '77, the message came that in the hush of the summer twilight one of the members of '74 had been laid to rest. Ada Curran, had she lived, would have been the missionary of the class. She was only prevented by failing strength from devoting her life to the work for which her heart yearned. If we "count time by heart-throbs for God, for man, for duty," she lived long and her short life was complete.

The history of the class would scarcely be finished without mention of the class letter, which has constantly been a bond of union and strength. It travels the small circuit several times a year, and is cordially welcomed.

CLASS OF 1875.

The Class of '75 numbered twenty-six. Twelve were present at reunion, viz: Anna [Carson] Dillman, Ida Dare, Lucy Eastman, Flora Ellis, Alice Gibson, Julia Kitchel, Kate McCleery, Sophronia Pike, Margaretta [Thomas] Thompson, Maria Wason, Harriet Whallow, and Jennie [McCleery] Sheller. Letters were received from Virginia Dickey, Annie [Turner] Morgan, and Emma Trimble. Annie Pendleton and Margaret Wade were prevented from coming by poor health. Seventeen of the class have taught. Annie [Turner] Morgan is a missionary in Kurnool, India. Sophronia Pike is under appointment of A. B. C. F. M., to go to Fort Berthold, Dakota, as a missionary to the Indians. Nine of the class are married, and we claim four girls and one boy, of whom Ruth Edna Morgan is the eldest. Since the anniversary of '75, one of our number, dear Alice Conkling has been called above to learn the full meaning of the class motto, "Unto Him that Overcometh."

CLASS OF 1876.

"There are buds that fold within them,
Closed and covered from our sight;
Many a richly tinted petal,
Ope'd to view by warmth and light."

The second week in September, 1876, found nineteen buds of the above description exposing themselves to the rays of a glorious orb, viz., the Western Female Seminary. As regards the intensity of those rays, or the amount of heat required to develop these particular buds, your historian need not write; since of the qualities of this "radiator" "you all yourselves do know."

Suffice to say that June 17, 1875, found this cluster at the end of the process radiant in those colors which betoken joy and good cheer; with scarce a tint of purple or sombre foretelling trials.

After four years had passed rapidly away, eleven of us met again at the seminary. Those present were:

Sue E. Ballard,
Alice [Craig] Poyntz,
Belle S. Dix,
Mattie J. Hill,
Julia A. Lamson,
Elizabeth M. Nelson,
Jennie [O'Byrne] Montgomery,
Emma H. Paige,
Julia [Shuler] Craft,
Eva Landis Trout,
Jennie M. Timberman.

Letters of regret were received from the absent, breathing warmest love for "Alma Mater," among them one from Myra [Calhoun] Longfellow, who has for three years been a missionary in Dakota. Six are married; four engaged in school work, two of whom are teaching at the seminary, while the others are practicing in some way the good lessons so faithfully taught them. Changes have come to all, but death has not been suffered to take any from her work.

Four years had wrought little, if any, change in our classmates. When we looked into the faces of those who had been away four and twenty years, then could we see what real

change was. We felt that time had touched us lightly, and that our feet were scarcely dry after the morning dew.

When the sun has been too hot, a cloud has sheltered us, and when the clouds became too dark, the sun lighted our pathway.

CLASS OF 1877.

Though our class was made up largely of members from other classes, we have, since our graduation, been closely united in living out our motto, "Age Quod Agas." Of our thirteen, nine have taught, three or four have continued their pursuit of knowledge, four are married, and some have been nurses and helpers at home.

Ada Kingsbury is a missionary in Utah. Kate Giltner has charge of the first class baby. Lillie Adams, Leila McKee, Emily Waterman and Candace Lhamon were the only representatives at the reunion. Our prospects for the future are favorable to the earnest Christian work for which our Alma Mater has prepared us.

CLASS OF 1878.

The Class of '78, composed of twelve members, has been so widely scattered since it left its Alma Mater that only one of its number, Ida Robbins, was present at the reunion to receive the warm welcome of its dear school-home and teacher mother. Of the whole number, half have at some time engaged in teaching; Wisconsin, Illinois, Utah, Ohio and Connecticut being the better we hope for their work. The call of the Master for laborers in his far distant harvest-fields came to the hearts of three of our number, who quickly responded to the voice with a prompt, "Here am I, send me." Our three C's, Mary Campbell and Edna Cole in Siam, and Fannie Cundall in Syria, are our dear missionaries whose letters, abounding in beautiful descriptions of their far off homes and full of devotion to their work, are our most precious class treasures. Among those who entered the ranks

as educators, two are already deserters, and while we regret the loss of our Archie Hatcher and Marion Allen, we welcome in their places Mrs. Tiffany and Mrs. Martindell and gladly extend the right hand of fellowship to our new brothers-in-law. The remaining four members of the class have found their work in a quiet way, making homes for dear brothers and brightening those provided by loving friends. They also, with their sisters, have found a place among the ranks of church and Sabbath school workers and are teachers or officers, pupils or superintendents, as the call comes to them.

Inspired by our motto, "Omnia ad Dei Gloriam," whether at home, in the school-room or in the foreign fields, we are united in purpose; and distance can not separate us, though measured by great continents and vast oceans.

CLASS OF 1879.

Ten of our class were present at the reunion—

Helen Lyle,	**Anna Kumler,**
Helen Taylor,	**Hoyland Taylor,**
Irene Jones,	**Rowie Tucker,**
Fannie Laurie,	**Clavie Laurie,**
Maggie Johnston.	**Ida Matson.**

We held our class meeting in No. 23, Class of '78 gathering with us.

At our meeting the responses to the invitations from "Alma Mater" were read. We found that several of our number had been teaching during the year; others had joined the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and some were found in the quiet home circle living wholly for others; all were more or less engaged in Sabbath-school work.

In review our harvest seemed very small, compared with the sheaves other gleaners had brought; but we left the arms of "Alma Mater" only one short year ago. We trust that in

twenty-five years we may bring an abundant harvest into the great "store house."

CLASS OF 1880.

"What can the man do that cometh after the king?" Or what mite of interest can this chronicler add to the royal good things that have been written? Our record remaineth for the future.

The Class of '80 numbers nineteen. Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee are represented by its members. The average age of our class is nineteen years. March 8, 1880, was made illustrious by having one of its afternoon hours devoted to the planting of the class-tree—a noble elm (?)—with accompanying exercises. Mr. Chas. Peabody kindly provided us with the desired sapling, and attached to it a piece of zinc on which was written in lead, "W. F. Seminary, Class of '80," trusting it would remain to tell future classes of our love for Alma Mater. Immediately after hall exercises, with many friends and teachers we gathered at the front door and moved in procession to the north of the building—the place chosen for the planting.

The tree was carried by Ella Adams and Clara Vawter—the Alpha and Omega of the class. An appropriate song was sung, Mr. Peabody made some very pleasant remarks upon class-tree planting and the beautiful elms of New England. closing with the hope expressed that we might all live to meet again under its spreading branches. An amusing description of each member of the class was read by Ella Adams. A poem full of good wishes for the future prosperity of class and tree, written by Lena Goodenow, was read by Clara Vawter. Then followed the planting. Soon cries for Miss Peabody were heard. She stepped forward and quoted with much effect, Psalms i, 3—"He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper;" after which three cheers were given for the class of '80. Our class motto, "Seeketh not her own" is beautifully

exemplified in Mary Clark's offering herself for the foreign field, so white to the harvest. She is now on her way to famine-stricken Persia, bearing the bread of life. We trust that her consecration may inspire us with a higher aspiration, and that we may by our prayers, stay up the hands of her, our standard bearer.

CATALOGUE.

1855–1880.

TRUSTEES.

Rev. Daniel Tenney.....from 1853 to 1861
*Rev. Wm. M. Cheever.....from 1853 to 1872
Rev. J. B. Condit, D. D.....from 1853 to 1855
Rev. J. C. Bonham.....from 1853 to 1864
S. F. Claflin.....from 1853 to 1855
*H. VanBergen.....from 1853 to 1858
*Rev. S. W. Fisher, D. D.....from 1853 to 1859
James Fisher.....from 1853 to 1861
*G. Tichenor.....from 1853 to 1855
*R. E. Hills.....from 1853 to 1864
R. L. Rea, M. D.....from 1853 to 1859
G. Y. Roots.....from 1853 to ——
*Elias Kumler.....from 1853 to 1872
*Rev. Thomas Spencer.....from 1853 to 1860
Milton Sayler, A. B.....from 1853 to 1859
*John Ells.....from 1853 to 1862
Rev. J. M. Bishop.....from 1855 to ——
*Rev. D. H. Allen, D. D.....from 1855 to 1868
Robert W. Burnet.....from 1855 to 1859
*John H. Shuey.....from 1855 to 1869
Rev. H. Little, D. D.....from 1859 to ——
*Philip Hinkle.....from 1859 to 1880
*Wm B. Moores.....from 1859 to 1870
Rev. E. P. Pratt, D. D.....from 1861 to ——

Wm. S. Hubbard .....from 1861 to 1864
*A. D. E. Tweed.....from 1862 to 1878
L. C. Hopkins.....from 1862 to 1863
Wm. Shafer.....from 1863 to 1871
S. J. Thompson.....from 1865 to ——
*Joseph Curtis.....from 1865 to 1871
Prof. R. W. McFarland.....from 1866 to 1876
Rev. Henry A. Nelson, D. D.....from 1868 to 1875
Preserved Smith.....from 1869 to ——
Rev. J. L. McKee, D. D.....from 1870 to 1874
*Joseph McCord.....from 1870 to 1879
Rev. J. P. E. Kumler.....from 1871 to ——
Rev. Wm. H. VanVleck.....from 1872 to ——
Wm. Reynolds.....from 1872 to 1877
Rev. O. A. Hills, D. D.....from 1875 to ——
John H. Winters.....from 1875 to 1879
Rev. Francis M. Wood.....from 1877 to ——
*Prof. Caleb Mills .....from 1877 to 1880

* Deceased.

PRINCIPAL:

Names. *Time spent at Seminary.*
Miss Helen Peabody.....from 1855 to .....

TEACHERS.

Mary E. Parsons.....from 1855 to 1856
Mary Q. Brown.....from 1855 to '56 and 1861 to 1862
Adelia C. Walker.....from 1855 to 1863
Mary O. Nutting.....from 1855 to 1856
Elizabeth O. Harrington.....from 1855 to 1856
Abbie C. D. Goulding.....from 1855 to 1856
Sarah L. Utley.....from 1855 to 1857
M. Augusta Chapin.....from 1855 to 1356
Philena McKeen.....from 1856 to 1859
Jane C. Tolman.....from 1856 to 1858
*Phebe F. McKeen.....from 1856 to 1859
*Eliza M. McCabe.....from 1856 to 1863
Maria H. Beardslee.....from 1856 to 1858

Names.	*Time spent at Seminary.*
L. Amanda Whiting	from 1856 to 1864
Mary H. Foster	from 1856 to 1865
Eliza J. Strong	from 1856 to 1858
*Rhoda S. Driggs	from 1857 to 1860
Emma L. Higley	from 1858 to 1860
Auretta Hoyt	from 1858 to 1860
Sarah Mills	from 1859 to 1860
Ellen Gow	from 1859 to 1871
Susan S. Brown	from 1861 to 1862
*Mrs. Elizabeth Walker	from 1861 to 1864
Emily Jessup	from 1862 to 1880
Anna H. Whitten	from 1862 to 1864
Cornelia Little	from 1862 to 1864
Mary Adams	from 1863 to 1864
Mary J. Eager	from 1863 to 1864
*Harriet J. Bassett	from 1863 to 1865
Sarah P. Morrison	from 1863 to 1865
Lydia H. Putnam	from 1863 to 1864
Cynthia K. Goulding	from 1863 to 1868
Ellen W. Bushnell	from 1864 to 1869
Hannah Maude Hunt	from 1864 to 1865
Helen C. Fisher	from 1864 to 1865
Sarah R. Hubbard	from 1864 to 1865
Mary J. Bennett	from 1864 to 1865
Harriet Hawes	from 1864 to 1877
Ada L. Howard	from 1865 to 1866
Mary B. Treat	from 1865 to 1867
Mary McLean	from 1865 to 1867
Julia Smith	from 1865 to 1868
Mary J. Martin	from 1865 to 1868
Mary J. Blake	from 1865 to 1868
Mrs. J. C. Swing	from 1865 to 1869
Sarah P. Eastman	from 1866 to 1870
Sarah P. Janes	from 1866 to 1880
*India A. Thomas	from 1866 to 1870
Olivia Read	from 1866 to 1868
Elizabeth K. Peabody	from 1868 to 1875

Names.	*Time spent at Seminary.*
Emilie Jones, M. D.	from 1868 to 1874
Julia C. Turner	from 1868 to 1869
Emma J. Stocks	from 1868 to 1869
Helen M. Nelson	from 1869 to 1871
Sarah M. Smith	from 1869 to 1874
Mary D. Sheppard	from 1869 to ——
Lucy D. Rochester	from 1869 to 1871
Caroline E. Fay	from 1869 to 1878
Lydia W. Shattuck	from 1870 to 1871
Minnie Gow	from 1870 to 1871
Abbie L. Burgess	from 1870 to 1874
Sophia M. Cunningham	from 1871 to 1872
Hettie M. Dodd	from 1871 to 1874
Mrs. W. J. Kumler	from 1871 to 1872
Caroline D. White	from 1872 to ——
Fannie U. Nelson	from 1872 to 1876 and 1877 to 1878
Fannie E. Johnson	from 1872 to 1873
Laura A. Olmstead	from 1873 to 1878
Julia C. Rhorer	from 1873 to 1875
Alice P. Goodwin	from 1873 to 1874
Emma L. Isom	from 1874 to 1875
Susan E. Timberman	from 1874 to 1880
Harriet C. Day	from 1878 to 1880 and 1874 to 1875
Martha E. Dickinson	from 1874 to 1875
Sarah Skinner	from 1875 to ——
Eliza J. Cornell	from 1875 to 1879
Alice B. Gibson	from 1875 to 1877
Annetta P. Kimball	from 1875 to 1878
Anna E. Leonard	from 1875 to ——
Ellen E. Smith	from 1876 to 1877
Julia A. Shuler	from 1876 to 1877
Alice W. Milligan	from 1877 to ——
Emma H. Paige	from 1877 to ——
Ida M. Seymour	from 1877 to 1878
Elizabeth M. Nelson	from 1878 to 1881

Names.	*Time spent at Seminary.*
Ellen McKinney	from 1878 to 1880
Dora C. Phelps	from 1879 to 1880

ALUMNÆ.

Class of '56.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
M. Augusta Chapin,		St. Louis, Mo.
Sarah C. Harrington,	Jacob H. Fuller,	Hampton, Conn.

Class of '57.

*Catharine Doolittle,	W. H. Chamberlain.	
*Helen M. Dudley,	*Edward Sinks.	
Julia F. Driggs,	Rev. David Clark,	Austin, Ill.
*Rhoda S. Driggs,		
Sallie K. Rigdon,	Wm. Hall,	Portsmouth.
*Eliza P. Scott,	—— Olds.	
Isabella Stevens,	B. S. Higley, Esq.,	Youngstown.
Jennie S. Sturdevant,	Wm. A. Farris,	Oil City, Pa.
Helen M. Tenny,	Wm. K. Rowell,	Oakland, Cal.
*Clara Worthington,	J. N. Wilson.	

Class of '58.

Fannie F. Bradley,	Fred A. Ross,	Terre Haute, Ind.
Margaretta L. Brewer,	Alfred Dickey,	Crawfordsville, Ind.
Sarah A. Clark,	Geo. T. Williams,	Cincinnati.
Sarah J. Dawes,	Rev. Jno. H. Shedd,	Ooroomiah, Persia.
Emily H. Donaldson,		New Richmond.
Caroline S. Doolittle,	Robert J. Linton,	Bell Vernon, Pa.
Linda Dugan,		Georgetown.
Elizabeth Dugan,	Dr. T. W. Gordon,	Georgetown.
Lucy Gerrish,		Washington, Ind.
Kittie A. Haire,	Daniel Armel,	Humboldt, Kan.
Mary S. Hale,	L. A. James, M. D.	Cincinnati.
Auretta Hoyt,		Indianapolis, Ind.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Amy J. Huling,	Chas. H. Murray,	Louisville, Ill.
Laura H. Jones,		Davenport, Iowa.
Harriet E. Kingsbury,	Halsey C. Burr,	Ironton.
Lucy C. Lee,	L. M. Holbrook,	New York.
Sarah C. McKean,	Jas. M. Cumback,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Lydia H. Putnam,		Columbus.
†Mary E. Rapp.		
M. Caroline Richards,	Albert D. Glover,	Newark, Mo.
Mary R. Spooner,	L. Worcester,	Greensburg, Ind.
Mary S. Thomason,		Louisville, Ky.
Harriet N. Thompson,	Rev. H. McVay,	Granville, Ill.

CLASS OF '59.

†Emily L. Bailey,	Porter H. Snow,	Chicago, Ill.
Mary E. Ball,	Chas. R. Peddle,	Terre Haute, Ind.
*Martha A. Behan,	Rev. Earl Cranston.	
Jane E. Betts,	Franklin Sawyer,	Southington.
*Anna P. Donaldson.		
Margaret S. Davidson,	Rev. J. D. Fry,	Bloomington, Ill.
Harriet N. Eastman,		Tungoo, Asia.
Mary M. Ellis,	Rev. Jos. Rowley,	Chicago, Ill.
Helen S. Force,	Rev. Edwin Childs,	Jonesville, Mich.
Ellen Gow,	Rev. Geo. B. Gow,	Millbury, Mass.
Sarah E. Greason,	D. A. Mitchell,	Wichita, Kan.
Margaret A. Guffin,	*James A. Kackley,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Laura Hoyt,	Smith King,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Lucy Levy,		Madison, Ind.
Margt. M. Loughridge,	Wm. N. Aiken,	Newcastle, Pa.
Emily Bishop Mixer,	George White,	W. Winstead, Conn.
Sabra G. Newton,	M. A. McLaughlin,	Quinnemont, W. Va.
Catharine Pierce,	David B. Treat,	Tallmadge.
Mary Burr Putnam,	T. C. Fitch,	Columbus.
Laura M. Tuthill,		Duquoin, Ill.
Drusilla T. Warthan,	—— Williams,	Greensburg, Ind.
Clarinda Wilkins,	J. Langridge, M. D.,	Montgomery, Ala.
Sarah Wilkins,		Paddy's Run.

CLASS OF '60.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Mary Ellen Adams,	Edgar F. Draper,	Portsmouth.
*Elizabeth B. Ballard,	*Rev. Edward Walker.	
*Zorilda M. Brown,	Robert S. M. Bennett.	
Harriet V. Burkhalter,	Chas. A. Newman,	Reading.
Mary A. Campbell,	James W. Christie,	Hot Springs, Ark.
Margaret A. Coles,		Ashland, Ky.
*Harriet N. Crawford.†		
Helen C. Fisher,	T. Gilbert Wright,	Sharen, Mass.
Bessie H. Gilbert,	Samuel W. Bird,	Chicago, Ill.
Mary Goodfellow,	*E. D. Humphries,	San Francisco, Cal.
*Elizabeth A. Howell.		
Marianna J. Knapp,	Shobal V. Clevenger,	Chicago, Ill.
Frances A. McCutchan,	James M. Moore,	Youngstown.
Virginia S. Naylor,	Andrew J. Hay,	Charlestown, Ind.
Lenora L. Ormsby,	—— Robinson,	Kingsburg, Cal.
Josephine Pierce,		Talemadge, O.
Mary L. Shedd,		Mt. Gilead.
*Martha F. Smith,	J. W. Calvert.	
Ellen E. Smith,		Painesville.
Elizabeth Stagg,	Ellis Lewis,	Osage City, Kan.
Mary E. Stanley,	Rev. Martin Post,	Oakland, Cal.
Clara A. Taylor,	Wm. H. Fry,	Indianapolis, Ind.
*Louisa M. Wasson,		
*Nancy J. Williamson,		
Anna H. Whitten,	Rev. H. B. Scott,	Middleport.

CLASS OF '61.

Mary J. Bennett,	Albert M. Osborn,	Lebanon.
Naomi Diament,		Kalgan, China.
Emma S. Driggs,		Madison, Ind.
*Martha Fry,		
Sarah M. Hubbard,	Edward S. Field,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Ellen Johnson,	John Dale,	Kankakee, Ill.
*Jennie Kile,		
Sarah Reis,		Middletown.
Mary Reis,		Middletown,

Nrme.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Isabella B. Riggs,	Rev. M. Williams,	Kalgan, China.
Anna E. Stewart,	Barrett W. Clark,	Knoxville, Ia.

CLASS OF '62.

Sarah A. Dickinson,	D. A. Corey,	Waukegan, Ill.
Frances Eells,		Norwalk.
Mary E. Landis,	Isaac W. Holman,	Milwaukee, Wis.
Cornelia Little,	Rev. L. S. Griggs,	Terryville, Conn.
Mary S. Moore,		St. Louis, Mo.
*PhiluraC Richardson	Rev. —— Black,	
Anno M. Snively,		Gainesville, Fla.
*Emma Spangler,†	Amos W. Southard.	
Electa T. Whitehead,	Aug. Starr, M. D.,	Canal Winchester.

CLASS OF '63.

Ellen P. Allen,		Gainesville, Fla.
*Eliza Carnahan,	Rev. D. R. Love.	
Laura E. Cheseldine,	James H. White,	Danville, Ill.
Harriet P. Conkling,		Sharonville.
Ella Kendall,	John W. Overturf,	Portsmouth.
Mary Ellen Little,	Joseph Griggs,	Madison, Ind.
Sarah E. Pond,	Samuel W. Baird,	Portsmouth.
Frances G. Reed,	J. S. Blithe,	Ashtabula.

CLASS OF '64.

Sarah C. Badeau,	M. B. Marshall,	Bryan.
Marianne C. Beach,		Chicago, Ill.
Susanna Blasdell,	Wm. S. Taylor,	St. Louis, Mo.
Ellen Gordon,	Fred. W. Grube,	Gosport, Eng.
Clara Hoyt,	Edgar H. Williams,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Aleda Harshberger,	Rufus P. Upton,	Minneapolis, Minn.
†Mary Leonard,	—— Bowen,	Bloomington, Ill.
Mary C. McDonald,		Camden, Ind.
Emma C. Paddack,		Hamilton.
Maria A. Parshley,	John W. Brock,	Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Mary L. Roots,		Milford Center.
†Hannah R. Russell,	R. B. Spilman,	Manhatan, Kan.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Harriet E. Smith,	Chas. F. Linzee,	Duquoin, Ill.
Emily Scales,	Rev. Leavitt Bartlett,	Kansas City, Mo.
Frances S. White,	Robt. Montgomery,	Oregon, Mo.

CLASS OF '65.

†Myra Brown,		Oxford.
*Myrta L. Barber,		
Aphia S. A. Bartlett,		Warsaw, N. Y.
Florence A. Carpenter,		Grand Rapids, Mich.
Frances M. Cheseldine,	William T. Collins,	Chicago, Ill.
V. Elizabeth Crawford,	Manaen Arter,	Rossville, Ill.
Fannie E. Ford,		Walnut Hills, Cin.
Pamelia Gow,	Marcus C. Acheson,	Washington, Pa.
Annie Griggs,		Jefferson City, Mo.
Mary E. Guthrie,	Robt. Stewart Page,	Shelbyville, Ind.
Sarah Belle Howe,	Charles F. Howe,	Chicago, Ill.
Mary K. Lawder,	M. J. Jones, M. D.	Peoria, Ill.
*Laura A. Marshall,	N. Cunningham,	
Mary J. Martin,		Greenville.
Clara McCleland,		Columbus.
M. Melissa Megrue,	Henry H. Harris,	Champaign, Ill.
Mary E. Post,		Logansport, Ind.
Julia Smith,	Henry Renner,	Rantoul, Ill.

CLASS OF '66.

A. L. Bartholemew,	L. K. Andrews,	Lewis, Iowa.
Lucy M. Bell,	R. P. Rifenberick,	Portsmouth.
Rebecca Conkling,	Homer Sheely,	Pleasant Run.
Mary E. Harriott,		
E. Viella Holmes,	W. L. Porter,	Lima.
Ada Klum,		Kokomo, Ind.
Mary Macy,	S. S. Carpenter,	Cincinnati.
C. Olivia Meily,	Calvin S. Brice,	Lima.
Elizabeth K. Peabody,	Rev. Wm. Wilmer,	Williamsport, Ind.
†M. Rebecca Roberts,		Republican, D. T.
Maria Sheely,		Fredericksburgh.
*India A. Thomas.		

CLASS OF '67.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Virginia M. Allen,	Clayton W. Everett,	Toledo.
Margaret F. Campbell,		Cumberland, Md.
C. Amelia Campbell,		Cumberland, Md.
Anna R. Carley,	—— Brown,	Lafayette, Ind.
Lydia Aldersey Carnahan,		Dayton, Ind.
Hulda Case,	E. C. Reese, Esq.,	Pana, Ill.
Mary R. Cathcart,	Daniel Ransdell.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Narcissa G. Cleland,		Topeka, Kan.
Amelia Clift,	Henry C. Powell,	New Castle, Ind.
Emma Gordon,		Salem, Ind.
†Helena E. Graff,		Cincinnati.
Laura A. Hayward,		Beloit, Wis.
Euretta Hurlburt,		Hartford, Kan.
Emilie H. Jones, M. D.,		Fredonia, N. Y.
Nira Koogler,	Curtis Wright,	Connersvil,e, Ind.
S. Louisa Leonard,	J. H. Bradley,	Clayton, N. J.
Rachel A. Martin,	T. E. Burrowes,	Hamilton.
*Ella A. McKim,		
†Isabella Shephard,	Rev. John Hussey,	Lafayette, Ind.
Louisa C. Wilkerson,	A. A. Davison,	Seymour, Ind.
Jane G. Williams,	Gaston Boyd, M. D.,	Newton, Kan.
*Elizabeth Wishard,	*Geo. Parrott.	

CLASS OF '68.

Georgiana Banks,		Horseheads, N. Y.
Annie Caldwell,	John F. Moses,	Rushville, Ind.
Florence, Ellis,		Columbus.
Emma Ford,	S. J. Long,	Jackson.
Catherine A. Gibson,	John D. Gibson,	St. Louis, Mo.
Martha Harger,		Red Wing, Minn.
*Frances A. Lawder,	R. H. Pratt,	
Laura McClelland,	*Prof. W. K. Saurber,	York, Pa.
Margaret J. McCullough,		Bloomington, Ind.
*Anna McLean.		
Mary P. Miller,	Albert C. Reed,	Evanston, Ill.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Helen M. Nelson,	Rev. H. Bullard,	St. Joseph, Mo.
Catharine E. O'Byrne,		Springfield, Ind.
Emma Peabody,		Daysville, Ill.
Mary T. Rogers,		Logan.
Sarah O. Sheppard,		Bunker Hill, Ill.
Sarah M. Smith,		Byron, Ill.
Alice B. Sturgus,	W. C. Hill,	Washington, D. C.
*Mary K. Tate,	W. P. Keller.	
Ellen A. Tuck,		Indianapolis, Ind.
Sarah J. Turner,	Rev. T. W. Monteith,	Port Huron. Mich.

CLASS OF '69.

Florence Adams,	George C. Merrill,	Andover, Mass.
*Mary Atherton.		
Jane Almira Ball,	Rev. J. H. Meteer,	Sullivan, Ind.
Mary R. Bosworth,	Jos. Henderson,	Boston, Mass.
Leora E. Bowyer,		Terre Haute, Ind.
Sophia Brandkamp,	Robt. F. Coyle,	Crawfordsville, Ind.
†Harriet H. Chase,		Parkersburg, Ind.
Maria E. Cleland,	Samuel E. Sneed,	Kirkwood, Mo.
Emily C. Elliott,	R. A. Sturdevant,	Prattsburg, N. Y.
M. Corn'a Farnsworth,	H. N. Goe,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Caroline E. Fay,	Rev. C. Mowery,	Coolville.
*Selinda H. Fay.		
Virginia Gow,		Washington, Pa.
Eliza Groenendyke,		Lafayette, Ind.
Emma A. Hoyt,	Rev. F. D. Seward,	Fowlerville, N. Y.
Julia Hughes,		Bloomington, Ind.
Emma L. Isom,	P. Robertson,	Dayton.
Luella R. Kimball,		Evansville, Ind.
Marg't A. Kirkpatrick,	Rev. D. G. LeSourd,	Hebron, Ind.
Olive Frances McKimm,		Hockingport.
Harriet McLane,	M. W. Ammons,	Monroe.
Ermina C. Milligan,	Rev. Eugene Mills,	Nevada, Iowa.
Alice W. Milligan,		Gosport, Ind.
Amelia Myers,		Philadelphia, Pa.
Lucy E. Rochester,	Chas. Bowen,	Logan.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Mary D. Sheppard,		Bunker Hill, Ill.
Mary E. Wells,	E. L. French,	Aurora, N. Y.

CLASS OF '70.

Rachel A. Crawford,		Delphi, Ind.
Eliza J. Cornell,		Hamilton.
Melissa Coulson,	Prof. J. W. Conover,	Monroe.
Mary K. Hughes,		Bloomington, Ind.
Mary Emma Jones,		Greencastle, Ind.
Maria Kendall,	P. A. Hull,	Monticello, Ind.
Kate R. Leake,		Terre Haute, Ind.
Kate M. McClure,	Chas. Harley,	Delphi, Ind.
Augusta McCoy,		New Salem, Ind.
Julia Baldwin Mills,	O. Milton Gregg,	Crawfordsville, Ind.
Clara Mae Morris,	Wm. Pursell,	Portsmouth.
Fanny U. Nelson,		Geneva, N. Y.
Clara Pierce,	J. H. Shultz, M. D.,	Logansport, Ind.
Susan E. Timberman,		Hamilton.
Lizzie J. B. Tweed,	Rev. J. M. Robinson,	Shawneetown, Ill.
Maria Louise Whipple,		Camp Point, Ill.

CLASS OF '71.

†Caro. V. Alexander,	J. N. LaGrange, M. D.	Marion, Iowa.
Ella Bane,	E. C. Bowen,	Zanesville.
M. Louise Bissell,	Allen H. Bacon,	St. Louis, Mo.
*Athelia Byers,	Cyrus Hunt, M. D.	
Eliza J. Bushnell,	Wm. A. Byal, M. D.,	Vanlue.
Emma M. Calhoun,	Rev. C. L. Hall.	Ft. Berthold, D. T.
†Eleanor J. Clarke,		Franklin Ind.
†Nellie Cleland,	Dr. G. G. Craig,	Rock Island, Ill.
*Laura Ella Clough,	Oren S. Hadley, Esq.	
Sophia M. Cunningham,	Rev. C. A. Duncan,	Jonesboro, E. Tenn.
Lydia A. Dimon,		Milan.
Sarah Gamble,		Connersville, Ind.
*Narcissa B. Goodfellow,	J. O. Risser.	
Anna M. Hopkins,		St. Louis, Mo.
Eliza Hougham,	Rev. H. E. Hickman,	Frankfort, Ind.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Emma Hughes,		Hamilton.
*Anna R. Mason.		
†Mary Needham,	Rev. J. B. Gregg,	Hartford, Conn.
Rosa Jessie Rabb,		Chicago, Ill.
Eva Sherwood,		Cincinnati.
Nannie M. Snyder,	Rev. J. M. Bailey,	Cincinnati.
Nannie R. Wason,	Edward P. Ames,	Lowell, Ind.
Mary E. White,	Henry E. Lavayea,	Cleveland.
Mary Maxwel Willson,	C. D. Whitehead,	Maryville, Mo.

CLASS OF '72.

Mary L. Allen,	Rev. W. L. Whipple,	Ooroomiah, Persia.
Hattie Boal,	Robt. Peebles,	Ashland, Ky.
Mary Moore Blythe,		Hanover, Ind.
Alice Cary Blythe,		Hanover, Ind.
Mary Coulson,		Oxford.
Alice L. Dean,		Milan.
Mary K. Dwyer,		Greenfield.
Marion A. Perkins,		Troy.
Evangeline Tweed,	C. N. McGroarty,	Georgetown.
Anna M. Whallon,	J. P. Mills, M. D.,	Chicago, Ill.
Mattie A. Zook,	Fred Rhorer,	Pueblo, Col.

CLASS OF '73.

Fannie Michler Cobb,		Sioux City, Iowa.
Caroline E. Collins,	E. L. Pattin,	Muncie, Ind.
*Emma S. Crawford,	† Sam. Taggart.	
Mary A. Dame,		Edinburg, Ind.
Mary Corilla Dickey,	Prof. C. A. Leonard,	Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Em'line H. Eastman,	J. L. Love, M. D.,	Whiting, Kan.
Nannie A. Ellis,		Mitchell, Ind.
†Emma Hutchinson,	Prof. B. C. Davis,	Merom, Ind.
†Mary McKinney,		Binghamton, N. Y.
Mary S. Nelson,		Geneva, N. Y.
Laura A. Olmstead,		Bangkok, Siam.
†Margaret L. Sheeley,		Fredericksburg.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Maria Barkins Starr,	Rev. O. Wright,	Dodge City, Kan.
Emma K. Vawter,		Santa Monica, Cal.
†Sarah D. Waterman,		Colton, Cal.
*Mary O. Williams.		
Cordelia Wood,	James T. Herrick,	Wellington, Kan.

CLASS OF '74.

Julia A. Baldwin,	John M. Nichols,	Columbus.
†Mary Irene Chidlaw,		Cleves.
*Adrienne B. Curran,		
Virginia Dare,		Oxford.
Pocahontas McCoy,		New Salem, Ind.
Sarah Maria Robinson,		Washington, D. C.
Emilie Eliza Robinson,		Washington, D. C.

CLASS OF '75.

Anna E. Calhoun,	Robt. McCurdy.	Kenton.
Anna M. Carson,	L. M. Dillman,	Bloomington, Ill.
*Alice E. Conkling.		
Cora Ida Dare,		Oxford.
Virginia Dickey,		Washington, Utah.
Isabel F. Dodd,		Boonton, N. J.
Lucy J. Eastman,		Griggsville, Ill.
Flora Estella Ellis,		Bainbridge, Ind.
Alice B. Gibson,		Manchester.
Jessie M. Henderson,	W. W. Hester, M.D.,	Anna, Ill.
Emma R. Kimball,		Bloomington, Ill.
Julia L. Kitchel,		Liberty, Ind.
Jennie D. McCleery,	Samuel M. Sheller,	Claysville, Pa.
†Kate M. McCleery,		West Alexander, Pa.
Mary McKee,	James B. Welsh,	Danville, Ky.
Henrietta E. Parker,	Asa M. Goodwin,	Rushville, Ill.
M. Annie Pendleton,		Chenoa, Ill.
Sophronia B. Pike,		Ft. Berthold, D. T.
Adelaide Estella Reed,		Portsmouth.
Madora E. Spilman,	Hendrick Vansant,	Flemingsburg, Ky.
Margaretta P. Thomas,	H. R. Thompson,	Crawfordsville, Ind,
Emma H. Trimble,		Seymour, Ind.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Annie M. Turner,	Rev. F. E. Morgan,	Kurnool, India.
Margaret Wade,		Ross.
Maria Louise Wason,		Lowell, Ind.
Harriet F. Whallon,		Oak Park, Ill.

CLASS OF '76.

Susan C. Ballard,		Springfield.
Anna M. Blayney,	Rev. Adolph Lehman,	Dresden.
Myra Jane Calhoun,	D. W. Longfellow,	Ft. Berthold, D. T.
Mary Alice Craig,	Chas. B. Poyntz,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Alice H. Cromwell,	Theo. H. Williams,	Mankata. Minn.
Belle S. Dix,		Eaton.
Martha J. Hill,		Dayton, Ind.
Julia A. Lamson,		Vevay, Ind.
Mary E. Messenger,	Rev. J. R. Gibson,	Troy.
Elizabeth M. Nelson,		Geneva, N. Y.
Jennie L. O'Byrne,	W. H. Montgomery,	Kansas City, Mo.
Minnie M. Orr,		Marietta.
Emma H. Paige,		Nashville, Ill.
Julia Pratt,		Portsmouth.
Julia A. Shuler,	Rev. Frost Craft,	Noblesville, Ind.
Jane M. Timberman,		Hamilton.
Eva Landis Trout,		Crawfordsville, Ind.

CLASS OF '77.

Lillian Adams,	W. W. Mills,	Howell, Mich.
Lizzie D. Church,		Boston, Mass.
Hattie E. Geddes,	W. N. Van Brunt.	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
Kate Giltner,	Roy Scott,	Aurora, Neb.
Ada A. Kingsbury,		Amer'n Fork, Utah.
Candace M. H. Lhamon,		Gambier.
Mary Nantz McCrae,		Peotone, Kan.
Leila S. McKee,		Danville, Ky.
Florence Nichols,	Alex. Mann,	Paris, Ill.
Elizabeth M. Pendleton,		Chenoa, Ill.
Clarissa L. Pendleton,		Chenoa, Ill.
Elizabeth Wade,	A. J. Marsh,	Cincinnati.
Emily Waterman,		Waterman, Ind.

CLASS OF '78.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Anna Marion Allen,	Wm. Martindell,	Clay Center, Kan.
Mary M. Campbell,	Ching Mai, Laos	(P. O. Bangkok, Siam.)
Edna S. Cole,	Ching Mai, Laos	(P. O. Bangkok, Siam.)
Fannie Cundall,		Tripoli, Syria.
Mary Virginia Ewing,		Ogden, U. T.
Archer E. Hatcher,	R. C. Tiffany,	Washington, D. C.
Josephine H. Lane		Walaka, Fla.
Mary L. Mack,		Gilead, Conn.
Anna S. Morris,		Chicago, Ill.
Emma Nevius,	Fred. R. Levering,	Lafayette, Ind.
Ida B. Robbins,		Jackson.
Mary West,		Groesbeck.

CLASS OF '79.

Martha L. Blayney,		Sulphur Springs,
Mary E. Bonham,		Webster Grove, Mo.
Eliza B. Hendricks,		Petersburg, Ind.
Margaret E. Johnston,		Connersville, Ind.
Irene C. Jones,		Newark.
Edna E. Kalb,		Henry, Ill,
Anna E. Kumler,		Cincinnati.
Fannie S. Laurie,		Hamilton.
Clara A. Laurie,		Hamilton.
Helen Lyle,		Lexington, Ky.
Ida M. Matson,		Cleves.
Carrie B. Reynolds,		Griggsville, Ill.
Margaret Savage,		Ashland, Ky.
Hoyland Taylor,	——Martin,	Loudonville.
Helen Taylor,	——Rowe, M. D.,	Casselton, D. T.
Rowey Tucker,		Beverly.
Mary G. Webb		Vermillionville, La.
Narcissa B. Wilson,	Rev. Tho. Boyd,	Warsaw, Ind.

† Full course not completed. * Deceased.

CLASS OF '80.

Name.	*Residence.*
Luella Adams	McCoy's, Ind.
Florence Amick	Scipio, Ind.
Cora Evans Bell	Hillsboro.
Haddie G. Borton	Plymouth, Ind.
Lovetta Brice	Greenfield.
Mary Amanda Clarke	Tabriz, Persia.
Martha Ellen Fain	Jonesboro, E. Tenn.
Anna Gernand	Rossville, Ill.
Carolena Goodenow	Roseville, Ill.
Kate Hutchinson	New Albany, Ind.
Lillie Elma Kendall	Richmond, Ind.
Catharine Lawson	Greenup, Ky.
Lizzie McCord	Oxford.
Kate G. Scott	Adams' Mills.
Kate Storey	Vernon, Ind.
Rebecca R. Swift	Pleasant Ridge.
I. Katharine Timberman	Hamilton.
Henrietta Van Hook	Fulton, Iowa.
Clara Vawter	Franklin, Ind.

NAMES OF THOSE WHO ARE OR HAVE BEEN FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Sarah L. Utley,	Rev. S. Woodin,	Foochow, China.
Isabella B. Riggs,	Rev. M. Williams,	Kalgan, "
*Julia La Fromboise,		Dakota Territory.
Naomi Diament,		Kalgan, China.
Mary Hicks,	Rev. J. M. Shaw,	Tungchow, "
Mary E. Barr,		Peking, "
Sarah Jane Dawes,	Rev. John Shedd,	Ooroomiah, Persia.
*Harriet N. Crawford,		" "
Mary Allen,	Rev. Wm. Whipple,	" "
Sarah Jane Bassett,		Teheran, "
Irene Briggs,	Rev. S. L. Ward,	Tabriz, "
Mary A. Clarke,		" "

Name.	*Husband's Name.*	*Address.*
Harriet S. Ashley,		Ahmednugger, India.
Abbie L. Burgess,	Rev. R. Hume,	" "
Charlotte Chandler,	Rev. E. Hume,	Bombay, India.
Maria Thatcher,	Rev. Jas. Quick,	Batticotta, Ceylon.
Charlotte C. Birge,	Rev. J. Chamberlain,	Arcot, India.
Annie M. Turner,	Rev. F. E. Morgan,	Kurnool, India.
Lizzie Forman,		Lahoor, India.
Marianna Beach,		Eski Zagra, Turkey.
Jenny Jones,	Rev. H. T. Perry,	Aintab, "
Harriet N. Eastman,		Toungoo, Burmah.
Mary Hartwell,		Bangkok, Siam.
Mary Campbell,	Ching Mai, Laos	(P. O. Bangkok, Siam).
Edna Cole,	" " "	" " "
Fannie Cundall,		Tripoli, Syria.
Lizzie Kimball,		Monterey, Mexico.
Luella Kimball,		" "
Emma Kimball,		" "
Ellen P. Allen,		Mexico City, "
Anna Gow,	Rev. A. M. Darley,	Conesjos, Colo.
Malana Conaway,		" "
Mary R. Spooner,	Leonard Worcester,	Tullahasse, Ind. Ter.
Sarah O. Sheppard,		" "
Martha Riggs,	W. K. Morris,	Sisseton Agency, Dak. Ter.
*Nancy J. Williamson,	Greenwood,	Yankton, "
Emma L. Calhoun,	Rev. C. L. Hall,	Fort Berthold, "
Mary J. Calhoun,	Rv. D. W. Longfellow,	" "
Sophia B. Pike,		" "
Julia La Fromboise,		Yankton, "

*Deceased.

SUMMARY.

Whole number of pupils from 1855–1880	1,948.
" " " graduates " " "	406
" " " graduates deceased	37
Average attendance per year	155
Whole number of teachers from 1855–1880	88
Number of teachers who were graduates	32
" " " deceased	4
Whole number who are or have been missionaries	38
Number of missionaries deceased	2
Whole number of trustees from 1855–1880	42
" " " " deceased	16
Number of graduates at the reunion	112
" " teachers " " "	26

NUMBER OF PUPILS, NOT GRADUATES, ACCORDING TO STATES.

Ohio	632	New Hampshire	5
Indiana	490	New Jersey	4
Illinois	150	Texas	4
Kentucky	61	Massachusetts	3
Missouri	37	Alabama	3
Pennsylvania	21	Arkansas	3
Kansas	19	Wyoming and Ind'n Ter's	3
Iowa	18	Connecticut	2
Tennessee	16	Maryland	2
New York	15	Mississippi	2
Wisconsin	14	Colorado	2
Minnesota	8	India	2
Virginia and W. Virg'na	8	Vermont	1
District Columbia	7	Florida	1
Michigan	6	Nebraska	1
Canada	1	China	1
Total			1,542

IN MEMORIAM.

PHILLIP HINKLE.

How can we close this happy, grateful record with a memorial to our beloved trustee, benefactor, father and friend, whose step of all others on our glad reunion day last June was most buoyant, his voice most cheery, his playful wit the merriest and his beaming fatherly pride most gratified? Or how shall we pay fitting tribute?

Our dear Mr. Hinkle died suddenly of heart disease on Tuesday October 27, 1880, after an illness of less than twenty-four hours.

His last act, like his whole life, was of thoughtful care for one who had no one else to think for her, one of the many who will rise up to call him blessed among the widows, the orphans, the forsaken and the toiling poor of Cincinnati. Seminary daughters need no eulogy of Mr. Hinkle to touch the sorrowing chords of their hearts in his loss.

> "The stranger could not know his worth,"

But to them

> "His memory is his best epitaph."

The Bethel Sabbath School of Cincinnati, with which he had been connected for forty years, and the Western Female Seminary, of which he has been a most intimately associated trustee for twenty years, as well as one of its first contributors, both felt in his death all the fullness of a near personal bereavement.

Miss Peabody was called to the stricken family by telegram

and spent a week with them. That home was the house of God even in the depths of its sorrow. The buoyant, generous, consecrated spirit who had always been its cheerful inspiration, seemed yet to hover about tenderly and lovingly.

It was Miss Peabody's privilege to receive the members of the Bethel school and the many others whom he had befriended as they came to look for the last time upon their friend. From nine o'clock in the morning to one in the afternoon they continued to come, singly and in groups, men, women, young girls and children, grateful, tearful, sorrowing ones of all ages and classes.

The seminary girls sent an exquisite floral tribute—a harp leaning against a completed column, bearing the initials, W. F. S., upon the chords. What shall we say more? Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

The work of the association is more fully defined in a circular issued by the officers to the entire Alumnæ soon after the reunion:

To the Alumnæ of the Western Female Seminary:

DEAR SISTERS: * * * * * When the contemplated memorial volume reaches you, those who were present will live over again the two precious days, and we shall have the added pleasure of knowing that absent ones are sharing it with us, and have caught, with us, the thrilling inspirations of our Alumnæ Association as it unfolds before us full of high and beautiful possibilities.

You will receive herewith a copy of the constitution and by-laws. All who desire to become members will please sign the constitution and return the signature, with entrance fee, to the secretary.

It was resolved to endeavor to raise, within five years, the sum of $5,000 as a special memorial offering, to become the nucleus of an Alumnæ fund, to be securely invested, and the income applied to the education of those who expect to devote themselves to Christian work.

Although $5,000 is the sum named, yet, in the words of Miss Ellen Smith, our "faith took possession of $10,000 in the name of the Lord," and there is an earnest hope that we may be able to secure that amount within five years.

Already two questions come to us, viz: "What is the best plan for raising this money?" and, "How shall we construe the words 'Christian work' in which the beneficiaries are to engage?"

In reply to the first, having consulted other officers and members, it is suggested that local Alumnæ meetings be held in every place where graduates reside, during September, or at the earliest convenience, to which all old scholars—undergraduates—shall be invited, care being taken to invite isolated ones residing within convenient distance.

At these meetings, consider what you can do individually and collectively for this fund, and what friends of the seminary or of education in your several localities might like to contribute. These first meetings need not require elaborate preparation, and may be very informal and social, as well as refreshing spiritual occasions.

Let reports of all such meetings be sent to the secretary, and they will be condensed into a second circular letter which shall come to you all again. This will prove a delightful inspiration, and from this multitude of counsel will evolve all the general plan of work we need.

In reply to the second question, "How shall we construe 'Christian work?'" we can only say, judging from the discussion in adopting the resolution, that the expression was chosen as admitting the broadest application—mission work, home or foreign, church work, temperance and philanthropic work, teaching, Christian home life, wifehood, motherhood, any work for God, the home, the church, or the world which a consecrated Christian woman can do better for being educated.

Only God has a right to define the sphere of any young woman going out from the seminary with that prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" upon her diploma.

It may, however, be our happy privilege to select and aid in educating many young women eminently qualified for usefulness, whom God shall accept and "ordain to go and bring forth fruit" to his glory and to the world's good.

Miss Peabody yearly receives applications from young women nineteen and twenty years of age, who wish to become teachers and are unable to pay their entire way. A fund has been established by one of our generous trustees, Mr. Preserved Smith, which is applied in this way, but it does not

meet the entire demand. Indeed the grand possibilities of such a fund can only be measured by its amount.

Realizing what the seminary has done for us, how it has broadened and ennobled our lives with an education which "has its outlook toward all the vast provinces of reading and thought," who, so much as ourselves, should wish to extend its advantages to young women thrown upon their own resources who are hungering for an education beyond their reach?

But while our chief energies are directed to this fund for the present, let us remember that there are many delightful methods in which we may work out the aims of our association and the hopes of the seminary in our education.

To revive and establish loving and living bonds among ourselves, with old pupils and with the seminary; to strengthen the hearts and hands of our dear missionary band with a loving, prayerful, sisterly sympathy which may be more to them than any other; to sustain and encourage those of our home band who are working patiently and self-denyingly, bearing heavy burdens and crosses in the retirement of home or in the world's highway; to create an interest in Christian education which can cope with the infidelity of the times, and counteract the tendency to exalt culture above Christ, rather than consecrate it to Christ, and which can lead more wisely and efficiently in the organized and growing philanthropies and reforms of the day; to direct to the seminary promising young women of moderate means and parents seeking a place for the education of their daughters; to induce parents able to educate their daughters to do so, who might not otherwise; to stimulate to higher ideals and higher home culture young women who can not avail themselves of these or equal advantages; to keep ever distinctly before us the elevation of the aims and lives of women in everyday life; to aid the seminary in keeping pace with the growing educational advantages of the times; to turn back upon her currents of help and strength in return for the blessed influences she has shed upon our own lives, to be returned by her again to the world in streams to make glad the city of our God; these are some of the inspiring aims which unfold before us, and they present fruitful topics for discussion in local reunions.

It is sincerely hoped the September meeting suggested will be held, and that steps will be taken to continue them from time to time, as circumstances will permit. Isolated ones might hold a reunion "in spirit," and revive correspondence with old schoolmates, and send us a report.

From some have come suggestions of sub-State associations. These local reunions will prepare the way for State associations, if such are desired. No better illustration of the work we may do, and are doing, for the seminary, can be given than the following opening clause of a letter received recently by Miss Peabody: "Having heard your school so favorably spoken of by your graduates whom I have met in different places, I take the liberty of addressing you. I have a daughter who should be sent away to some good school, providing I can find one within our means," etc.

In proportion, also, as we illustrate in our own lives and work the benefits of seminary training, do we direct others to it.

The investments there, the beautiful building and grounds, the choice opportunities, the excellent library, the priceless religious training, the richenss of association, experience, and history, the ripeness of years, should benefit the world to the fullest extent. It is not the spirit of the seminary to advertise itself. Who may so well be her "living epistles" as ourselves? Whose arms so appropriate to uphold and bear her on into the coming years as the arms of her own loving daughters? Who so fitted to aid in building her up into a peerless institution in literary advantages, as her Alumnæ? The years touch our dear Miss Peaboby lightly and beautifully, but she can not carry the care she formerly did. Some day she will exchange the cares she has borne so long and lovingly for her crown, but our dear semniary must live on, a growingly beautiful monument to her, and to Him at whose feet she has ever laid her work. There is much that we may do, in time, and only enrich ourselves in the doing, which already suggests itself. The liberal endowment of a broad and instructive lecture course, regular additions to the library to keep it abreast with the times in science, literature and

books of reference; additions to the cabinet; to supply the best apparatus in physiology and the various sciences; to gather works of art and souvenirs of travel which shall be sources of pleasure and culture to our younger sisters, and attractive features to visitors, and those seeking the highest sources of culture for their daughters; a telescope and a fire-proof building for library and natural history collection; these are needs and hopes of the seminary which the Alumnæ will delight to aid gradually in supplying, without necessarily diverting from the specific fund we have resolved to raise.

Many of us know persons likely to take an especial interest in some one of these objects, in improving the quality of educational advantages to young women, who might not contribute to the object of the Alumnæ fund.

Recently $35 for the library was received from one of the Alumnæ, a donation from the estate of her father, who had been deeply interested in the seminary library.

Freely we have received of the best which the times and means at command could afford us. Freely let us impart of effort to give to those who come after us, the best of their time. Thus may we ourselves reap reflex benefits from advancing culture which it was not our privilege to receive, and which, with many of us, "life's ceaseless burden of homely care" will not now permit. Many of you scarcely need this special pleading, for you have daughters whom you hope to send to the seminary.

Dear sisters, we have thus outlined a great work which our association might do in time, but let not any one feel that more is expected of her than she can do. Our work should be entirely pleasant to all, and burdensome to none, and we would not make it appear too arduous in the outset.